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RAMESH PONNURU: *Roe* v. *Wade* at 30

NATIONAL REVIEW

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Kim Jong Il's NORTH KOREA and his challenge to us

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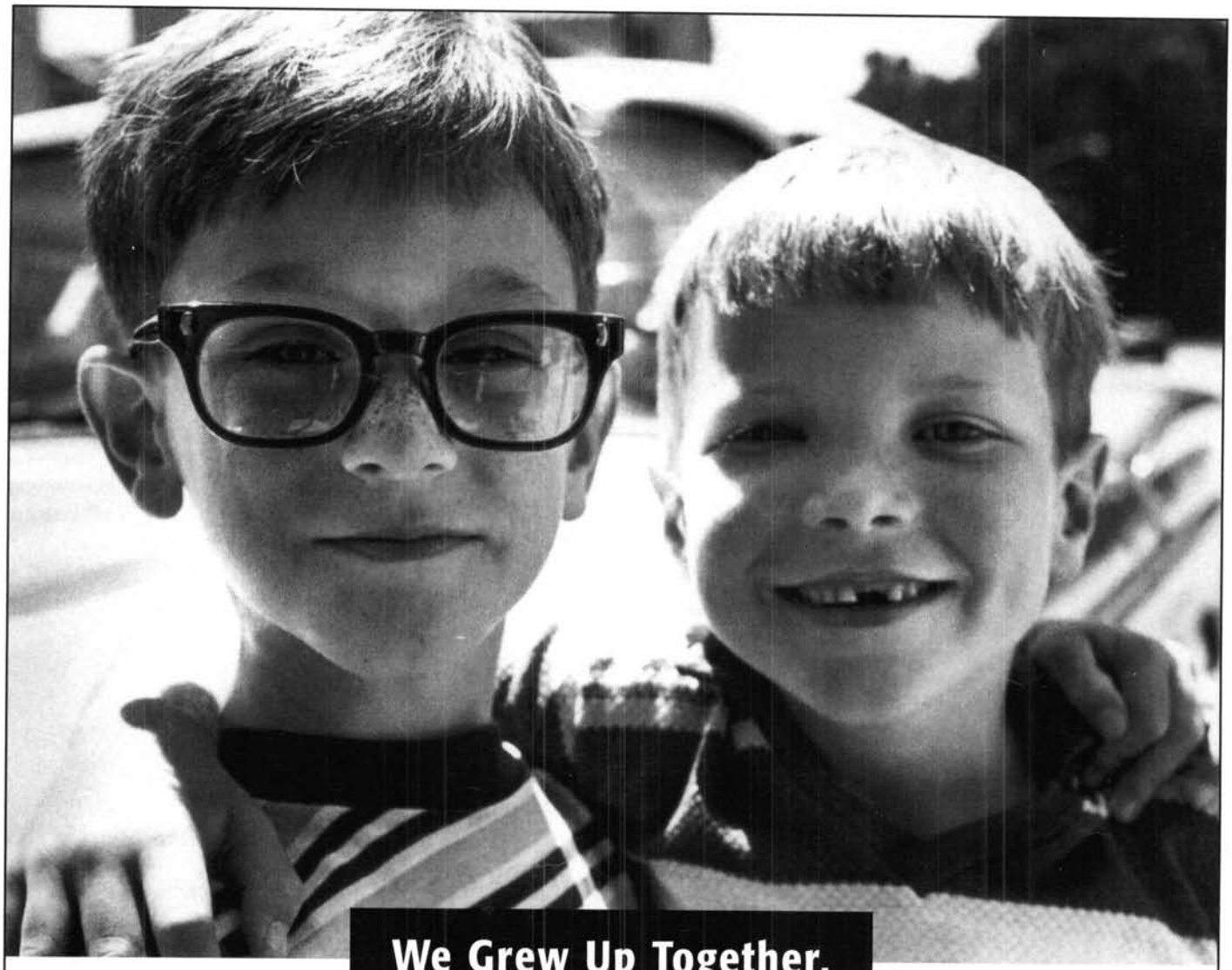

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■ LETTERS ■

SHENANIGANS

When I saw the Dec. 23 issue, I knew I had to read the cover story ("Bad Lands, Bad Votes" by Byron York). Party machinery controlling the outcome, arm-twisting, improper conduct at polling sites, questionable absentee ballots: It all reminded me of the 2000 presidential election in Florida.

Then I flipped through old NRs, looking for the post-election issue showing President Bush with an "INVALID" stamp on *his* face. Did I miss an issue?

Jack Anderson
Chatham, Mass.

I want to commend Byron York on his fine cover story. The St. Thomas Parish Hall has been my polling place for nearly 20 years. The activities that took place there on Nov. 5 were reported accurately and fairly.

Gene Popkes
Mission, S.D.

DEALING WITH THE INDIANS

Thank you for John J. Miller's cover story ("Off the Rez," Dec. 31).

Opportunity and self-determination cannot flourish so long as Uncle Sam acts as Great White Father and miscasts tribal members as incapable. The federal government has grossly mismanaged Indian trust property, and the potential benefits of tribal assets are bottled up, while taxpayers pay billions in subsidies and programs. A lucrative Washington lobbying industry has been created to serve this system. Taxpayers should be freed from the huge expense of a bureaucracy that suppresses opportunity on the pretext of protecting Indians.

Rep. Ernest Istook (5th Dist., Okla.)
Washington, D.C.

There's really only one solution—disband the Bureau of Indian Affairs and let the Indians decide their fate. Stop the handouts, stop the incessant bureaucratic meddling.

Before disbanding the BIA, let's buy the Lakota one last round of drinks and say what needs to be said: "Sorry about the buffalo. Good luck."

Nicholas R. Hartman Jr.
Apple Valley, Calif.

MERCY BRINGS PROFITS

Re Richard John Neuhaus's review of Matthew Scully's book ("The Quality of Mercy," Dec. 31):

I have been involved in farming for 55 years and can assure you that factory farming is more humane than the animal husbandry of the past. Modern agriculture is very competitive, and no one ever made a profit from mistreated animals.

If you want to make money from animals, you must treat them well. The profit motive is the best protection animals have ever had. I would have thought that would be obvious to NR.

John Gardner
Essex, N.Y.

SCRUTON SCRUTINIZED

In "Religion of Peace?" (Dec. 31) Roger Scruton seems to insinuate that Christianity and secular law are close bed-fellows.

Any secular law code or system of jurisprudence that has as its fundamental and guiding basis *homo mensura* is decidedly un-Christian. While it is true that the Christian is commanded to obey all civil magistrates and recognize the sphere sovereignty of both the state and church, this in no way means that the former must be secular.

Paul's emphasis was to demand that both the state and the church reside comfortably under the moral law of God.

Jason Walsh
Phoenix, Ariz.

Mr. Scruton's article is the most coherent and concise statement of the nature of Islam that I have ever read. It does more to explain why the United States is so hated by Muslims than anything I have seen.

Won't someone at NATIONAL REVIEW please send copies to President Bush, Secretary Powell, and representatives of other major powers on the U.N. Security Council?

Lawrence R. Taylor
Cedar Mountain, N.C.

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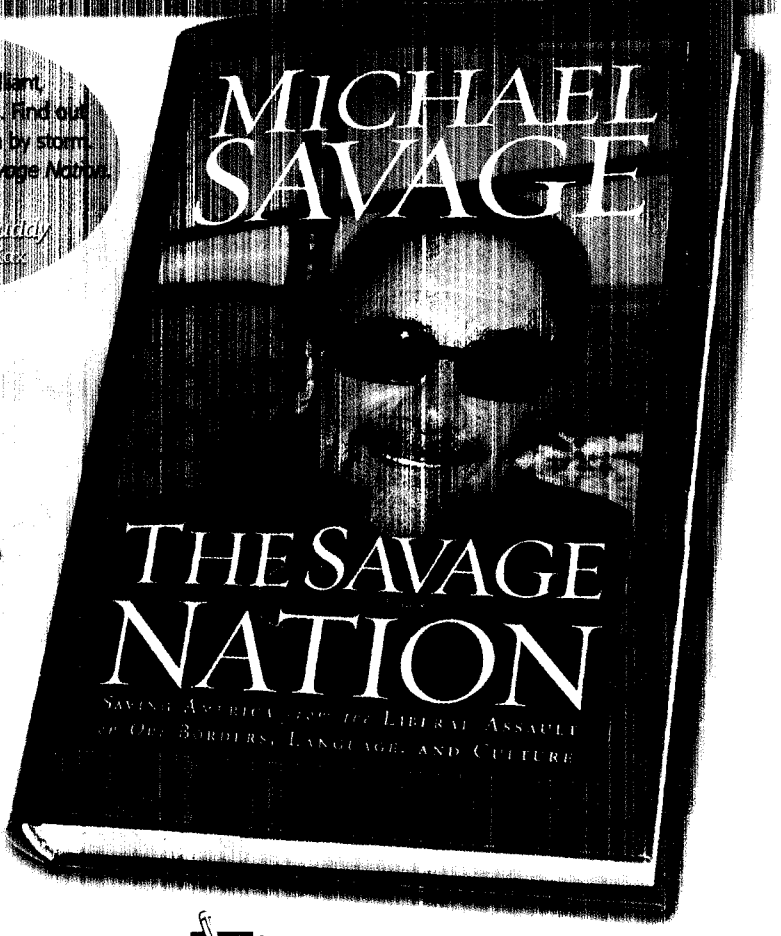

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- Prevent Hillary Clinton and her party of social engineers from taxing you to death to pay for the "entitlements" of others too lazy to work.
- Keep demonic politicos from turning our churches into one-step welfare centers.
- Stop radical groups like the ACLU from breaking off crosses from war memorials, desecrating the Ten Commandments, attacking the traditional family, flooding the media with filth, and peeling away our borders letting in terrorists and illegal aliens.

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■ FOR THE RECORD ■

■ In ABC News/*Washington Post* poll, President **Bush** earns 66 percent approval rating, and 58 percent support for using U.S. ground troops to invade Iraq and remove **Saddam Hussein** from power. . . . Bush, to troops at Fort Hood: "Should Saddam Hussein seal his fate by refusing to disarm, by ignoring the opinion of the world, you will be fighting not to conquer anybody, but to liberate people." . . . Bush on whether world is becoming safer: "It's a lot safer today than it was a year ago, and it's going to be safer after this year than it was this year because the United States of America will continue to lead a vast coalition of freedom-loving countries to disrupt terrorist activities, to hold dictators accountable, particularly those who ignore international norms." . . . "I understand the politics of economic stimulus—that some would like to turn this into class warfare," says Bush. "That's not how I think. I think about the overall economy and how best to help those folks who are looking for work." . . . More Bush: "This economy is pretty darn strong, given the fact that we have been through a recession and a terrorist attack, [and] a breach of corporate confidence because of some malfeasance." . . . White House reduces Iraq war-cost estimate to $50-$60 billion, from previous figure of $100-$200 billion.

■ Sen. **Joe Lieberman** (D., Conn.), in *New York Times*: "The American people are only slightly safer today here at home than we were on Sept. 11, 2001." . . . Sen. **John Edwards** (D., N.C.) on homeland security department: "More of a political achievement for the administration than a substantive achievement for America's security". . . . **Al Sharpton** declares his candidacy: "I'm qualified, probably more qualified than any other person who is expected to be on the Democratic ticket for 2004, because I actually have a following and I speak for the people." . . . Associates of former NATO commander **Wesley Clark** begin calling Iowa Democrats in prelude to possible presidential run, reports *Des Moines Register*. . . . Sen. **Bob Graham** (D., Fla.) says he may seek White House. . . . Former Sen. **Gary Hart** (D., Colo.) also considers running. . . . Republican party will hold its 2004 presidential convention in New York City. . . . New York *Daily News* reports Long Island Republican congressman **Peter King** may run against Sen. **Charles Schumer** (D., N.Y.) in 2004.

■ Sen. **Bill Frist** (R., Tenn.), after being elected Senate GOP leader: "We must dedicate ourselves to healing those wounds of division that have been reopened so prominently during the past few weeks." . . . **Bill Clinton** on GOP

"I'm sorry, but medical science still knows very little about filling out insurance forms."

treatment of **Trent Lott**: "How can they jump on him when they're out there repressing, trying to run black voters away from the polls and running under the Confederate flag in Georgia and South Carolina? I mean, look at their whole record. He just embarrassed them by saying in Washington what they do on the backroads every day." . . . In CNN/*USA Today* poll, 38 percent of Democrats think "most Republican voters" are prejudiced against blacks. . . . In Quinnipiac University poll of New York voters, Sen. **Hillary Clinton** (D., N.Y.) earns 57 percent approval rating, with 33 percent disapproving. . . . Gov. **George Pataki** (R., N.Y.) on taxes, in *New York Times*: "I don't rule anything in or anything out at this point."

■ **Marvin Olasky** grades Bush administration's "compassionate conservative" agenda, in *Washington Post*: "I give them an 'A' in terms of President Bush's personal effort in setting the message, and an 'F' in terms of legislation at this point." . . . Welfare rolls appear to creep upward, for first time since 1994. . . . Sen. **Rick Santorum** (R., Pa.) on partial-birth abortion ban, in *New York Times*: "We've come back with a rewrite that I think will pass constitutional muster." He adds: "We still don't have anything I would consider a pro-life majority in the Senate." . . . Computer industry gave $19.4 million in 2002 election cycle, up from $9.8 million in 1998, according to Center for Responsive Politics. Microsoft was biggest corporate donor, with two-thirds of its $3 million going to Republicans. . . . Climate experts say 2003 may match or beat 1998 as hottest year in modern record. . . . Media Research Center gives its annual "Media Hero" award to **Barbara Walters** for narrating a 20/20 interview thus: "For **Castro**, freedom starts with education. And if literacy alone were the yardstick, Cuba would rank as one of the freest nations on earth. The literacy rate is 96 percent."

■ Pentagon tells Japan its Aegis destroyers can shoot down medium-range missiles from North Korea, which is believed to own about 100 of them, reports Jiji Press news agency. . . . Outgoing South Korean president **Kim Dae Jung**, on North Korea: "Pressure and isolation have never been successful with Communist countries—Cuba is one example." . . . China says it will launch manned space vehicle later this year, making it world's third spacefaring nation. . . . Political turmoil spurs Venezuela, world's fifth-largest petroleum exporter, to import gasoline. . . . In no Western European country do families reach "replacement rate" of 2.1 children, according to World Health Organization. Spain's rate of 1.1 is lowest.

■ **Jay Leno**: "In California, 50 women protested the pending war with Iraq by lying on the ground naked and spelling out the word PEACE. Right idea, wrong president." **NR**

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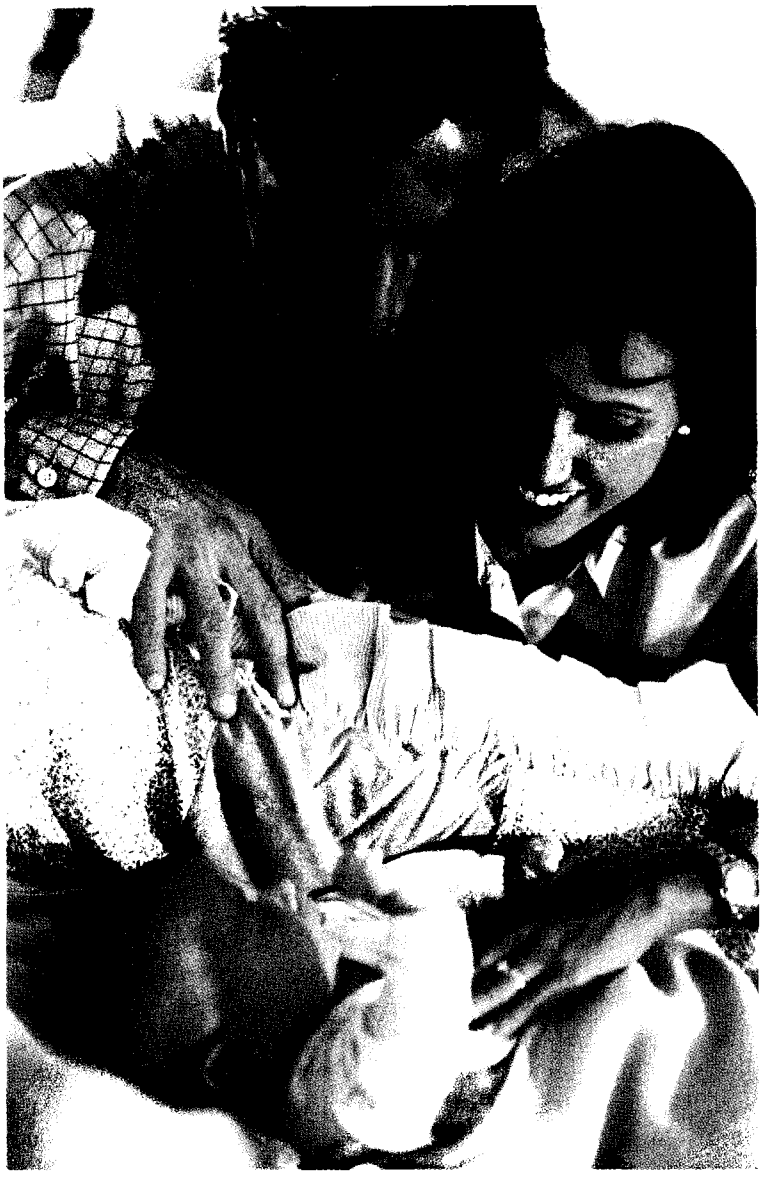

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THE WEEK

■ So, Al Sharpton looks like a go for '04. Isn't it nice when a party gets the candidates it deserves?

■ The Democrats have found a theme for 2004: homeland security. "Washington is not doing enough to make America safe" (Sen. John Edwards). "The American people are only slightly safer today here at home than we were on September 11" (Sen. Joseph Lieberman). And so on, through the ranks of presidential candidates and congressional leaders. The Democrats thus profit from their gung-ho attitude, and stand to profit, if disaster strikes, from their prescience. Meanwhile, they have not proposed any noteworthy alternative policies. This is too bad, since there are a number of areas in which America stands weakened before its enemies: our overstretched military; the self-destructive political correctness of airport security checkers and State Department visa processors; the ongoing coddling of the Saudis. A tough and loyal opposition could well raise these issues.

■ Bill Frist, the new leader of Senate Republicans, has a conservative record, an appealing biography, a keen mind, a strong work ethic, and a friendly manner on television. Most conservatives are happy he is replacing Trent Lott. But he is not seasoned, and it showed in his first press statement as presumptive majority leader. He managed to be both shaky and preening. Frist is expected to be a close ally of the White House, as well he should. But to be an effective ally he will need to build rapport with the Senate Republicans he seeks to lead—and that will sometimes require him to say no to the White House when it asks too much of conservative senators. He should also consider that House Republicans, who have often been left in the lurch by their Senate counterparts, could use an ally too.

■ The early word on the Raelians' unverified claims to have cloned a baby was that their kookiness would end up discrediting their cause. Maybe. But maybe some day they will be seen as pioneers, eccentric to be sure, but also courageous. For the fact is that cloning is moving ahead. The House has passed a comprehensive ban, but the Senate has not been able to agree on it. Stanford University has just announced that it is creating a $12 million center that will clone embryos for research purposes (although the university is manipulating language to avoid any association with cloning). There is no practical way to ban cloning to produce babies while allowing cloning to produce embryos for research purposes. So there could be a *lot* of Raelians in our future. The situation calls for political leadership: from President Bush, but also from the new Senate majority leader. If Dr. Frist chooses to lead the fight against cloning, a ban just might pass. Pro-lifers would be profoundly grateful to him, which could come in handy for the senator in 2008.

■ Alaska Republican senator Frank Murkowski, having been elected governor in November, got to appoint his own replacement. He apparently decided that a U.S. Senate without a Murkowski was too much to bear, choosing his own daughter to serve out the last two years of his term. Papa Murkowski explained that he picked Lisa, who has been a state legislator for four years, because she shares his political philosophy, can win election on her own, and will be able to serve for a long time. Well, no she doesn't, she probably can't, and let's hope not. Unlike her pro-life father, the new senator supports abortion. Tax increases, too. Her appointment was met by angry and justified charges of nepotism from the right and left that will make it hard for her to win in 2004. In recent years, Republicans have learned painfully how important each Senate seat is. Now a seat that ought to be safely Republican has been put in play because of the governor's ego. You would think that the "ruthless" White House we keep hearing about could have leaned on the man.

■ Hitler built the autobahns, Mussolini made the trains run on time, Stalin helped us win WW2, and Mao Tse-tung ended warlordism in China. It is often possible to say something positive about even the vilest of "leaders" (though we come up blank on Pol Pot), and there is never any shortage of useful idiots willing to say them. Here comes the senior senator from Washington State, Patty Murray, with kind words for Osama bin Laden: "He's been out in these countries for decades, building schools, building roads, building infrastructure, building day-care facilities, building health-care facilities, and the people are extremely grateful." Attempting to douse the consequent firestorm, Sen. Murray said she was only suggesting that the Arabs might like us more if we engaged in the same kinds of good works. In fact, of course, American taxpayers annually have billions of dollars of their hard-earned money shipped off to the Third World in "foreign aid." A large proportion of it sluices straight through to the Swiss bank accounts of gangsters like Yasser Arafat. It is bad enough that we have to endure this parody of charitable giving. To be chastised for not doing enough, and to have the murderer of several thousand Americans presented to us as a model for doing more, adds gross insult to injury. If bin Laden does indeed have any good works to his name—and Patty Murray offered no proof of her claims on his behalf—let us hear about them when he is decisively dead, and his forces routed.

■ Just as in the run-up to the war on the Taliban, the eve of our likely assault on Iraq has been marked by efforts to woo Iraqi tribal leaders—and by dire warnings, from cautious Westerners and from the tribesmen themselves, of their fierceness. "The

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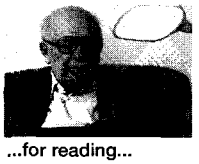

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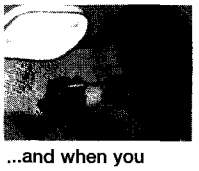

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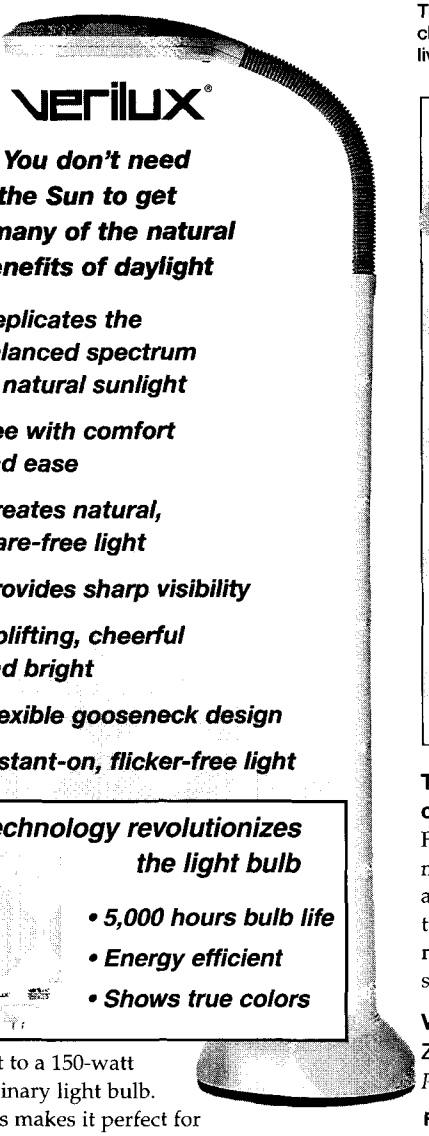

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graveyards of the British are still in Iraq," one sheikh told the *New York Times*, alluding to British and Indian troops who died in Mesopotamia in World War I, when it was a Turkish province. True, the British took heavy casualties (mostly from Turkish regulars, not their local conscripts). But when the dust had settled, the British occupied Baghdad; the Iraqis did not occupy London. Like tribal fighters everywhere, Iraqi tribesmen are individually brave, diplomatically adroit, and utterly undependable. Their worthlessness as allies is exceeded only by their feebleness as enemies.

■ The Chicago Council on Foreign Relations sponsored a mammoth survey of American opinion, both popular and elite, with the elites including policymakers, journalists, church leaders, business executives, and interest-group heads. The survey was wide-ranging in its topics, but Roy Beck and the Center for Immigration Studies' Steven Camarota take special note of the huge and growing gap between elite and public on immigration. Sixty percent of the public thinks that current immigration levels are a "critical threat to the vital interests of the United States." Only 14 percent of its leaders agree. Should immigration be reduced? Yes, say 55 percent of the people—and only 18 percent of the elites. The American public could, of course, be wrong. But its judgment on the question of whether immigrants are assimilating into the American nation deserves some deference. In any case, political elites do not seem to be taking these views into account. The Bush administration is working on an accord with Mexico that would allow Mexicans to draw Social Security benefits if they had worked in the U.S. They would even get credit for the time they worked here illegally. Lawbreaking rewarded, and an already insolvent entitlement program significantly expanded: There's not much here for Americans to like. Not that anybody's listening.

■ The Vietnam War, according to the old leftist quip, was fought "by black men against yellow men, on behalf of a country that white men stole from red men." In fact, black fatalities in Vietnam were between 12 and 13 percent of all deaths—precisely the proportion of blacks in the U.S. population, and actually *less* than their representation in the army at the time. In the conflicts since Vietnam, the pattern has been the same. Yet the myth that black Americans have suffered disproportionate casualties in our country's recent wars, though refuted by actual statistics, still dominates the popular imagination. For those politicians who seek support for themselves and their policies by stirring up racial discord, it is an irresistible topic in these times of war talk. Two such politicians, Reps. Charles Rangel of New York and John Conyers of Detroit, have now declared their intention to bring a bill before Congress restoring the draft (which lapsed in 1973). Both these gentlemen voted against the October resolution authorizing the president to act against Iraq. They are not shy about their reasons for this new move. Raising talk of conscription, says Rangel, will encourage "more caution and a greater willingness to work with the international community." It will also correct the injustice that: "A disproportionate number of the poor and members of minority groups make up the enlisted ranks of the military, while the most privileged Americans are underrepresented or absent." As Al Sharpton might say: No justice, no war. There may be a case for restoring the draft, but this is definitely not it.

■ President Clinton gave pardons a bad name. How refreshing are those in President Bush's first round. Among the seven lucky men were: a Wisconsin minister who was sentenced in 1957 for refusing to be inducted into the military; a Tennessee man convicted of selling moonshine 40 years ago; a Mississippi man who tampered with a car odometer; and a postal worker who stole $10.90 from the mail. These are just the sort of "folks" we might expect Bush to pardon. Perhaps a new aphorism is on its way in, that a president is known by the company he pardons.

■ We'd rather it didn't exist. But since the National Endowment for the Arts is safe for now, better that it have intelligent leadership. President Bush has nominated Dana Gioia of Sonoma County, Calif., to be chairman of the NEA. At 52, he is an important and widely admired poet, a musician, a librettist, and a translator. Amazingly, he has also spent 15 years as a business executive. A Republican, he has as his goal the education of public taste in the arts and the cultivation of a wider and informed audience. This is a stellar nomination.

■ For years, doctors have been quitting West Virginia for greener pastures. In a turn that could have come out of the pages of *Atlas Shrugged*, some are now striking, and their plight has finally gained national attention. Soaring medical malpractice bills—created by trial lawyers, and the juries who enable them—have made several states inhospitable to doctors. In Florida, obstetricians pay as much as $200,000 *a year* in insurance. Some state governments have passed laws easing physicians' burdens, and bills have repeatedly passed the U.S. House to limit claims for pain and suffering, among other things (the Senate always kills the legislation). West Virginia has a choice: keep its trial-lawyer-friendly tort system, or keep its doctors.

■ We feel the want of a word, to describe the persecution and murder of Christians. *Pogrom* and *lynching* have broadened to describe any semi-official barbarity, though they still suggest their original or predominant victims, Jews and blacks. Al-Qaeda sympathizers have been murdering foreign and native-born Christians in Pakistan since 9/11. Now three workers at a Baptist hospital in southern Yemen, who had given a total of 62 years of service in the country, have suffered the same fate; a fourth American was wounded. As Christians, they would forgive their persecutors, God bless them. Perhaps the Islamist clerics who foment such conduct can find the proper term in their lectionaries.

■ Fighting a long campaign for freedom in the Soviet Union, Vladimir Bukovsky was the most public and courageous of refuseniks. In spite of repeated sentences to prison, hard labor, and internal exile, his spirit was unbreakable. So they threw him out of the country. All these years later, the European

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llow and an associate
irector at the Hoover
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Morris Fiorina is a
senior fellow at the
Hoover Institution.

"Now we can look forward to more obscene tax cuts for the rich, wholesale rape of the environment, huge deficits, obstruction of any investigation into corruption and a packed judiciary." Letter to the *San Francisco Chronicle,* November 7, 2002.

According to much postelection commentary a shift of two Senate seats has delivered full control of national policy to the Republicans. Soon oil companies will drill in the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge and conservative judges will assume seats on various federal courts, among other Democratic nightmares.

In fact, as any freshman who did not sleep through American Government 101 should know, nothing of the sort is likely to occur. Certainly, there will be some movement. The Homeland Security Bill, for example, has already become law, Democrats having realized that seeming to place the interests of public sector unions over national security was not a winning electoral strategy. In budgetary matters, the Republicans will do better on the margins and a compromise version of prescription drug coverage will pass.

But Republicans with loftier ambitions are likely to be disappointed, for **the switch in control does not greatly increase the likelihood that major Republican legislation will pass the Senate**. The implication of the filibuster is that on most matters (the budget is the exception that seems to have misled so many) sixty Senators must be willing to take up legislation or nominations. Nothing that forty-one or more Democrats strongly oppose will pass. The switch in control has not magically produced sixty votes for a Republican version of a prescription drug bill or a producer-friendly energy policy. Two months ago Tom Daschle could not pass anything that forty-one Republicans were willing to filibuster, and two months from now the same will be true for Trent Lott and forty-one recalcitrant Democrats.

In sum, for those who like policy gridlock, little has changed. **What the switch in control will change is the "show time" aspects of the Senate process.** We will see more of Trent Lott and less of Tom Daschle on TV. There will be more publicity for bills favored by the Republicans, different hearings with different witnesses, and more votes intended to embarrass Democrats. That's the way the game is played.

There is, however, a danger as well as a benefit to the Republicans in their new status as the party in control of the national government. With control comes responsibility for national policies and national conditions. One reason that congressional Democrats fared so badly in the 1994 elections was that Democrats controlled everything and thus took full blame. After Newt Gingrich and Bob Dole assumed leadership of their respective chambers, however, President Clinton was able to shift blame to the Republicans and "triangulate" to reelection, an option now unavailable to President Bush. Republicans now bear full responsibility for the state of the nation during the coming two years, but they have less power than most people realize.

— David Brady and Morris Fiorina

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Union reminds him a bit of the Soviet Union. A statist ideology, a disregard for what people want. The good news for him is that the Brussels bureaucrats are easier to resist than the KGB. In his adopted country of Britain, he has made a start by becoming something of a refusenik all over again. The U.K. has a strange system whereby anyone with a television set has to buy a license, a form of tax that subsidizes the BBC. In return, the BBC is legally obligated to be independent, although in fact it is a propagandist for the EU. Bukovsky has launched a "Stop the BBC Bias Campaign." He and his fellow protesters—already more than a thousand strong and growing fast—are refusing to pay the license fee. Once in the bloodstream, freedom is a dangerous thing, and infectious.

■ Our most steadfast ally in any war against Iraq will almost certainly be Britain; no doubt the Brits will display their customary valor on the battlefield. Off it, though, strange things are happening among the Queen's warriors. They seem to have been seduced by the culture of compensation. Payments to servicemen injured on duty were running at around £100 million in 2000. Recent settlements have included £75,000 for a squaddie who fell off the tailgate of a truck while "windsurfing" back to base after a night on the town; £377,000 to one who alleged that the army had failed to protect him from frostbite while on a training exercise in Canada; and £387,000 to another for "negligent treatment of warts." Hard not to suspect that the publican in that Kipling poem ("We serve no red-coats here") would nowadays be facing a discrimination lawsuit.

■ Thanks to Ugandan president Yoweri Museveni's focus on promoting abstinence and fidelity in his country, the AIDS infection rate dropped more than 65 percent between the years 1991 and 2000. To many of a conservative bent, of course, this is not shocking news. But to many of those responsible for doling out the relief funds, it is—and it is difficult to accept. Yet some bureaucrats may finally be adapting. In the final days of 2002, the U.S. Agency for International Development instructed its missions to balance the scales when it comes to AIDS awareness and promote Uganda's ABC—"Abstain, Be Faithful, and Wear Condoms." AIDS will not be conquered without behavioral changes, and now even the most ardent "safe sex" advocate might be acknowledging that reality. Hurry up, before the rest of Africa dies.

■ Voting in late December, the people of Kenya replaced President Daniel arap Moi (in power since 1978) and his KANU party (in power since 1963) with 71-year-old Mwai Kibaki, head of a coalition that goes by the regrettable acronym NARC. The election seems to have been quite clean by African standards, though there were a number of deaths from "election-related violence" and the Marakwet East constituency did record a 150 percent voter turnout. The average Kenyan has seen his income drop one-fifth during Moi's presidency, and now pays a bribe every two days, according to a recent survey. International aid has been frozen because of Moi's failure to countenance anti-corruption legislation. There is much talk of new brooms, the sweeping out of stables, and so on. We hope it's all true, and wish President Kibaki well. We note, though, that he is not as new as all that, having helped draft Kenya's original constitution back in the 1960s and served as vice president under Moi and finance minister under Moi's one predecessor, father-of-the-nation Jomo Kenyatta. NARC or KANU, Kenya's political elite has an awfully clubby look about it. The realities of African politics were also on display elsewhere on the continent. In the same week as Kenya's election, Gnassingbe Eyadema of Togo, in power since 1967, had his nation's constitution amended to declare him president for life.

■ Three days before Christmas, some 60,000 people marched through the Spanish city of Bilbao in a silent rally for an end to the terrorist Basque separatist group, ETA. These marchers favor independence from Spain, just like ETA—but they have had enough of this murderous band. One placard said, "ETA, kampora" (Basque for "ETA, disappear"). If only such a stand could be made in the Arab world.

■ On October 13, Touria Tiouli, a Frenchwoman in town on business, stopped at a hotel bar in Dubai for a Coke. When she got up to leave, three men followed her out and offered her a ride to her hotel. She accepted; they then took her to a different part of town and gang-raped her. Tiouli reported the crime to Dubai police—who, naturally, arrested her. Since one of the men acknowledges he did have sex with Tiouli, but claims it was consensual, she is considered guilty of both adultery and making a false charge of rape, crimes punishable by up to 18 months in prison. According to the *Daily Telegraph*, "Mme Tiouli claims that every lawyer she has contacted in Dubai has refused to help her." Which is understandable, we suppose—after all, when was the last time a lawyer *won* a case, under sharia, by defending a victim of gang rape?

■ Luiz Inacio Lula da Silva, known to his supporters as Lula, was inaugurated as president of Brazil. The left-wing labor leader takes over Latin America's largest nation. One may pre-

MACBETH WAS RIGHT

If it were done when 'tis done, then
'Twere well it were done quickly;
The Turks are getting difficult,
And Jordan's sounding prickly.
In New York, Kofi perks and steams.
In China, there's much hissing.
In February—chop-chop, please—
Saddam's due to go missing.

—W. H. VON DREELE

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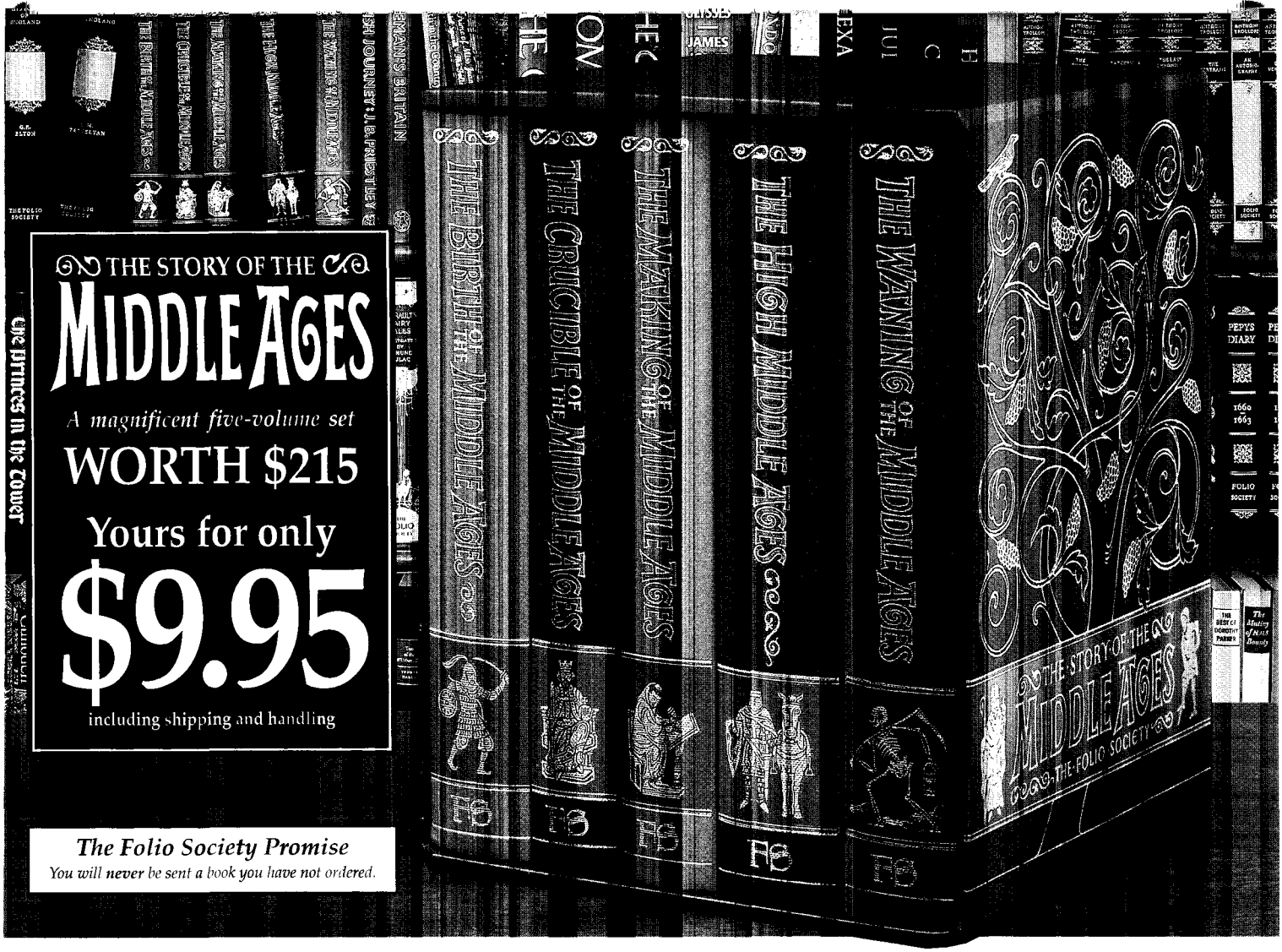
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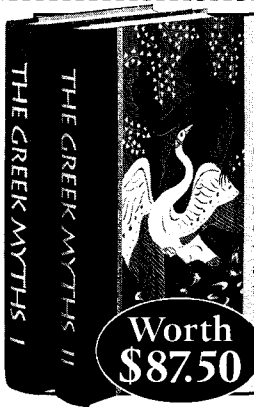

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dict that Brazil's economy, already limping, will worsen. In the early 20th century, Argentina was poised to become a first-world nation; the Perons finished that. By mid-century, Cuba looked equally promising. Its entrepreneurs now live in Miami, thanks to Fidel Castro, who sat front and center at Lula's swearing-in. Naturally Lula will stick pins in the United States. Happily, there is one mistake he can't make: building Brasilia. That was done by another of the country's left-wing leaders, President Kubitschek.

■ Japan said that it will take the next step in its effort to build a missile-defense system. Bureaucratic opacity—Japanese officials said they were merely shifting their focus from "research" to "development"—marked the announcement, which was no doubt hastened by the metastasizing crisis on the Korean peninsula. While a missile defense should soothe Japanese nerves, American opponents of missile defense are stuck between a shield and a hard place. Ever since Little Boy and Fat Man laid waste to Hiroshima and Nagasaki, Japan has occupied a sacred place in the hearts and minds of anti-nuclear liberals. Now the object of their reverence has embraced the ideas of their archnemeses, Ronald Reagan and Edward Teller. What is one who grew up humming bars from Penderecki's *Threnody for the Victims of Hiroshima* to do?

■ One of the last bastions of sanity in American life is—or was, until recently—professional sports. A team has to win, in an environment where other teams are ferociously determined not to let it. Wrong-headed ideas and irrational policies exact a swift price, and there is no room for sentimentality in selection of personnel or equipment. So it has always seemed. It is sad to see that not even this rigidly meritocratic world can keep out the slow inward seepage of silliness from the larger culture. Item: The "animal rights" crackpots have just noticed that lots of sports equipment is made of—leather. Baseballs, basketballs, mitts, and shoes: All are ripped from the bodies of wretched dumb animals. Plainly this cannot be allowed to stand. PETA (that is, People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals) has now prevailed upon the NCAA to switch to non-leather basketballs for the coming tournament. "Thanks for mooo-ving away from leather," snickered a triumphant PETA. In related news, the NFL has now agreed that any team with a coaching vacancy must "seriously" interview at least one black candidate for the job. Political correctness has won; there is now nowhere to hide from it (unless you can get yourself invited into Augusta National).

■ While traveling in the Andes last year, James Michael Kovach, a Virginia orchid enthusiast, discovered an undocumented species now known as the *Phragmipedium kovachii*—and set himself up for a bureaucratic nightmare. According to a report in the *Washington Post*, Kovach returned to Miami with the *Phragmipedium* in a suitcase, intending to take it to an American botanical institution that could publish his find and ensure that the species would be named after him. Kovach was never stopped at customs, though he told officers twice that he had plants to declare. Once the discovery had been announced, however, the *Phragmipedium* was seized by officials alleging that it had been transported in violation of the Convention on International Trade in Endangered Species. Kovach contends, reasonably enough, that he could hardly have been expected to know a species was endangered that had not even been known to science. By the terms of the convention, Kovach could face a year in prison and $100,000 in fines. Endangered species, it would seem, merit so much respect that it would be better if we didn't even know they existed.

■ The Lower Manhattan Development Corporation unveiled nine new designs for the World Trade Center from prestige architectural firms. They were self-indulgent, grandiose, and above all, tall. Given the realities of New York development, none of them will be built. But they had the thrum of worldly energy, and the lift of aspiration—perfect symbols of the city, and rebuttals to the mystical mutterings of Osama in his cave, and of his self- and other-destroying minions.

■ The largest single-ticket lottery jackpot ever in the United States, the multi-state Powerball, was won, in a drawing held on Christmas Day, by West Virginia small-town contractor Andrew Jackson Whittaker. On subsequent evidence, it couldn't have happened to a nicer man. The 55-year-old Mr. Whittaker is a congregant at the local Church of God, to which he has been tithing for many years. He has announced that he will apply the tithing principle to his winnings, an after-tax sum of $113 million, and has already written the first check and handed it to the pastor. "His hope, said Mr. Whittaker, was that these gifts would help the poor." It seems superfluous under the circumstances to say "God bless him!" but we say it anyway. On a trip to New York City for TV appearances, Mr. Whittaker encountered a somewhat different set of values: He was criticized in the local press as a cheap tipper.

■ Pity Paul Krugman. The star *New York Times* columnist has had to endure so much he can't be sure he's not living in a dictatorship. "It is pretty amazing the distance that this administration will go in trying to fool the public," Krugman told *Der Spiegel*, in remarks publicized by weblogger Andrew Sullivan. "Sometimes I have the feeling that I no longer live in one of the world's oldest democracies, but in the Philippines under a new Marcos." Krugman has even had to forsake writing about the New Economy in order to serve as (quoting the same interview) "the lonely voice of truth in a sea of corruption. Sometimes I think that one of these days I'll end up in one of those cages on Guantanamo Bay. But I can still seek asylum in Germany. I hope you'd accept me in an emergency."

■ From "Simon Says," a weekly fashion-tips column in the *New York Observer*: "Stop pretending you don't find President George W. Bush kinda hot. No matter what your persuasion, you have to admit that Dubya's earnest Texas big-daddy assertiveness and well-toned bod has a certain *je ne sais* fresh." *That's* why America needs New York. Would Ari Fleischer ever say that?

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■ Robert Abubadika Sonny Carson, who died aged 66, was a black bigot and loudmouth who flourished in the micro-world of New York City racial politics. He deserves wider notice for his honesty. Accused, for excellent reason, of being anti-Semitic, he replied, "That's absolutely absurd. . . . I'm anti-white. Don't limit my antis to just one group of people." R.I.P.

■ Joe Foss was an American hero. Enlisting before Pearl Harbor, he fought in the skies over Guadalcanal, crucially protecting the captured airbase Henderson Field. Flying his Wildcat, he matched Eddie Rickenbacker's 1917–18 record of 26 kills against the more maneuverable Japanese "Zero." Foss could be called a "classical" aerial tactician, working up carefully a high-percentage position and then firing precisely. His stylistic opposite, the "romantic" Gregory "Pappy" Boyington, leader of the Black Sheep squadron, took dismaying risks, but was also lethal. After the war, Joe Foss was two-term governor of South Dakota, commissioner of the American Football League, head of the National Rifle Association, and an energetic lover of the open spaces of the West. He died at 87 in Arizona. R.I.P.

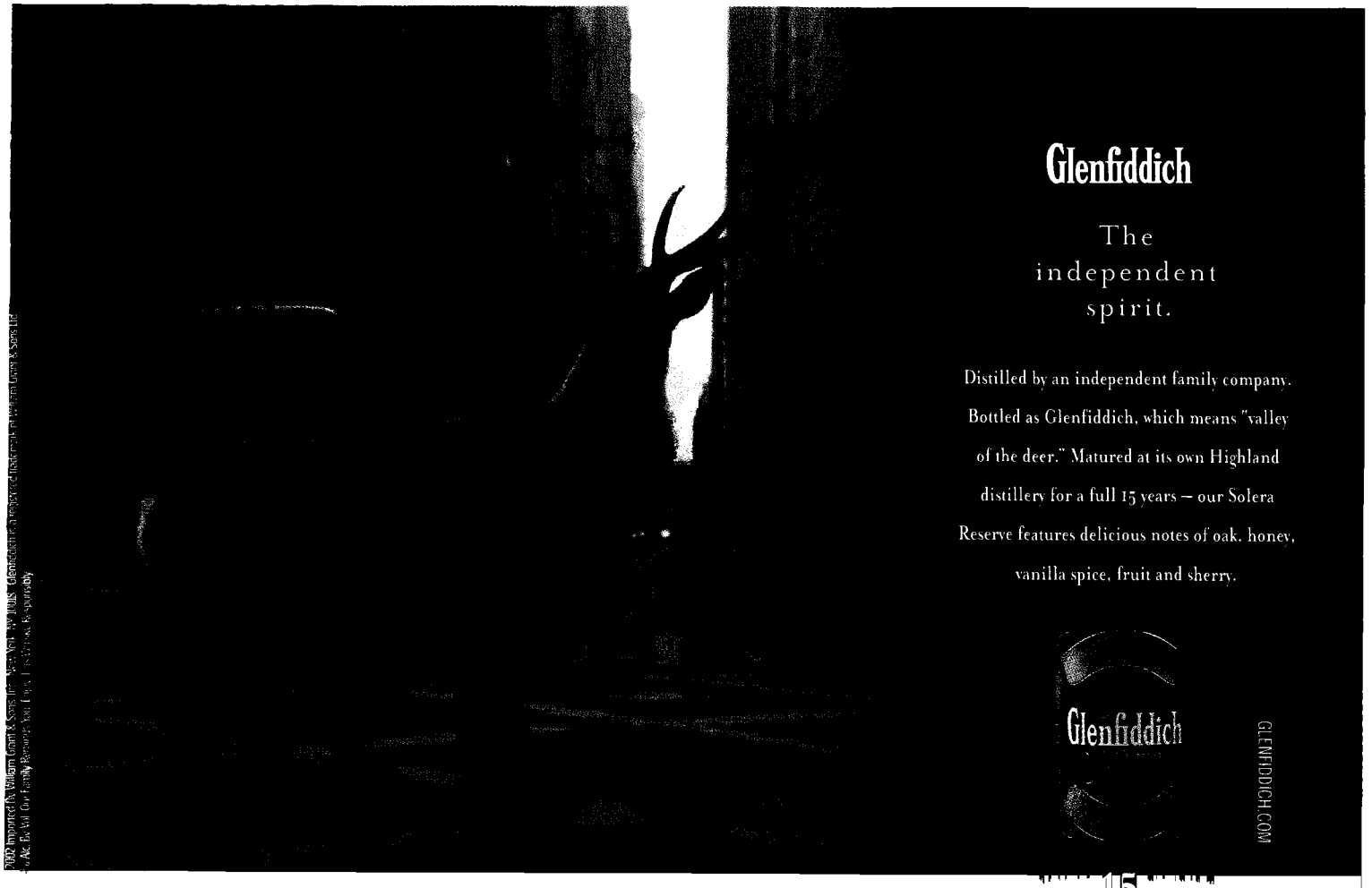
■ Housekeeping notes. Fans of John Derbyshire (and who is not?) will be able to read him every other week in the back of the book, in his column called "The Straggler." And David Frum's newest book, *The Right Man*, an insider's look at President George W. Bush, hits the shelves. Buy your copy, before it sells out.

NORTH KOREA

Limited Options

PRESIDENT BUSH greeted North Korea's expulsion of U.N. atomic-weapons inspectors and its threats to continue bomb production by saying that he expected the "situation . . . will be resolved peacefully." At the same time, he warned that Saddam Hussein's "day of reckoning is coming." Liberals cite this as an example of backwards thinking—giving the potential threat (Iraq, which has no nukes) priority over the actual one (North Korea, which has). In fact, it is an acknowledgment of the importance of the nuclear Rubicon. Once a nation crosses it, it becomes a threat indeed. All the more reason to prevent the Ba'athist megalomaniac sitting athwart the world's largest oil field from becoming a cut-rate superpower.

Secretary of defense Donald Rumsfeld rode to the sound of the guns and announced that the United States could fight two regional wars simultaneously if need be. This was a necessary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bluff. In fact we would find it very difficult. All the more reason to rebuild our defenses, thinned by a decade of post–Cold War neglect.

Even if we had a Gulf War-era arsenal, we would probably do what the Bush administration is now doing: seize any expedient to play the North Korea problem out, until Iraq is dealt with. A victory over Baghdad would not only clear the board, but send an unmissable signal to the Stalinists in Pyongyang.

Even if the U.N. inspectors go back, a trust-but-verify solution will not work. The North Korean regime sees a nuclear arsenal as a key to prominence, and perhaps to revenue (think of all the willing purchasers for spare bombs). To address that contingency we must let the dictatorship know, even in the current treading-water phase, that any credible evidence of loose nukes, delivered or even offered for sale on the world market, will be assumed to be Pyongyang's responsibility, and the direst consequences will ensue.

Nor will inspections plus sanctions do the trick. The North Korean people are already starving. Pyongyang's response to further economic pressure will be to let them starve some more, so long as the Kim family retains its palaces, and its weapons.

For the long run, as Adam Garfinkle suggests (see p. 34), we should begin pulling our troops out of South Korea. The South Korean electorate, like all beneficiaries, chafes at their protectors. President-elect Roh Moo Hyun wants the United States and North Korea to negotiate. Time to let Roh know that he will be negotiating directly. His nation is more populous, and far wealthier, than its feral neighbor. Japan is larger and richer still. We should certainly offer to include them under a missile-defense umbrella. But they are also capable of fending for themselves.

China would dearly like to avoid a nuclearized Japan and South Korea. So long as the United States bears the entire burden of securing the peace in northeast Asia, China will be content to let Pyongyang foment trouble for us. If the result of proliferation is the possibility of wider proliferation, they may see their interest in working with the United States (as well as Russia and Japan) to put Kim Jong Il's horror show on the road to extinction. Which would be a great blessing for its accursed people.

TAXES

Going for Growth

LET'S not beat around the bush: The president's new tax cut is the boldest free-market initiative since 1981, and it deserves the wholehearted support of conservatives and everyone else. We were not able to support Bush's last large tax cut, the one enacted in 2001, nearly as vigorously. But the new plan completes, and remedies the principal defect of, the old one. We worried that the earlier tax cut, designed not to alarm Washington's deficit-phobes, was phased in too slowly to have any salutary effect on the economy. Tax rates would not drop all the way until 2006. Under the new plan, the rates will drop immediately.

President Bush also proposes an immediate end to the double taxation of dividends. Under current law, corporations pay taxes on dividends before they are distributed and then most individuals who receive them pay taxes again. Since interest payments are deductible while dividends are not, companies have an incentive to raise capital by incurring debt rather than issuing stock. The double tax also leads companies to hold on to their earnings rather than pay them out in dividends, which means that money is not invested where it could best be used. Artificially depressed dividend payouts, meanwhile, deprive investors of a way to measure the solidity of a company's profits. Under Bush's plan, however, dividends would be taxed only at the corporate level, thus removing the distortions—and, in all likelihood, boosting stock prices nicely.

Bush's plan also ends the marriage penalty immediately, and expands the child credit. Some supply-side conservatives have quarreled with the design of the tax credit, but it seems to us a worthwhile (though crude) corrective to the anti-natalist biases of Social Security.

The president's plan was wise not only in what it included but in what it excluded. Bush left estate taxes alone, no doubt figuring that repeal is sufficiently popular to pass on its own. He also declined to give in to state governments' clamor for a federal bailout that would save them from the consequences of their own profligacy.

The Democrats' plan is to give money to the states and to hand out one-time tax rebates. Their plan would do nothing to improve incentives to work, save, and invest. It seems better calculated to increase dependency on the federal government. Democrats had been discussing one promising idea, a payroll tax cut, but they left it on the shelf. They are denouncing Bush's plan, especially the dividend tax cut and the drop in the top marginal tax rate, as a budget-busting gift to the rich. But most Americans now own stock, and will benefit from a rising stock market.

As for the deficit, it is economically unimportant. It may raise interest rates by some small amount; but the tax cuts, and especially the tax cut on dividends, will lower the cost of capital by more than enough to compensate for this effect. Politically, the deficit will not matter much to Bush's political future. If the economy is weak in 2004, he will be in trouble deficit or no deficit. If it is strong, voters won't care about the deficit.

Bush thus has more to gain from a sound economic policy than from political craftiness. He also now has the political clout to get sound policy enacted. Finally, he benefits from an opposition that is off on an ideological bender. Full speed ahead.

THE LOTT AFFAIR

After the Fall

TRENT LOTT has only himself to blame for his fall. As all the world knows, he made a remark, at a party for Strom Thurmond's centenary, retrospectively endorsing Thurmond's segregationist presidential campaign of 1948. That was a foolish remark if thoughtless, and a disgraceful one if

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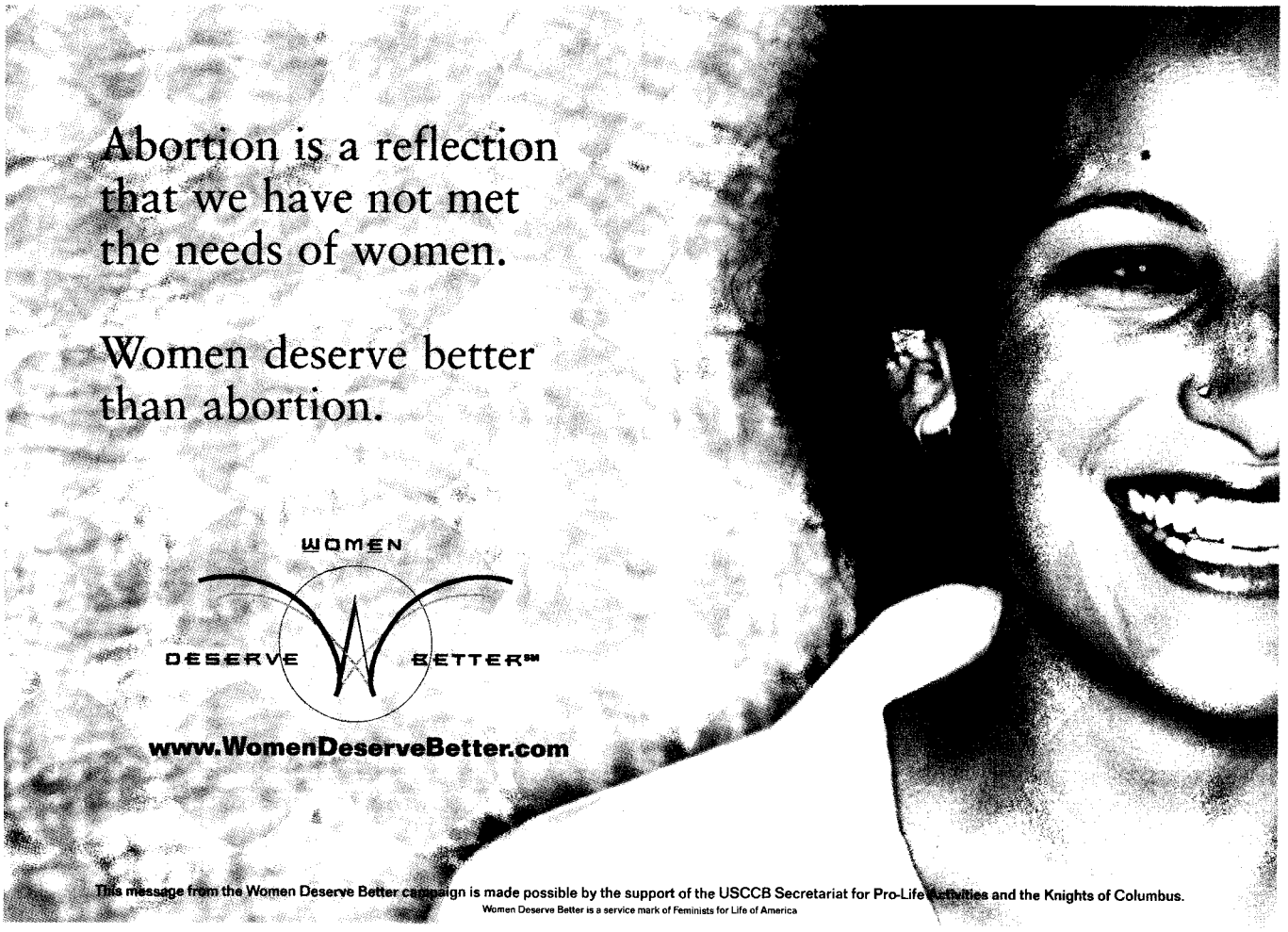
considered. Conservatives and others criticized him for it. Most of them sought a prompt and plausible clarification that he, for one reason or another, was unable to provide. That failure on his part reflected badly on both his political and his moral judgment, and it cost him his job as majority leader.

An unfortunate side effect of Lott's gaffe has been a revival of liberalism's claim to moral superiority. Liberals would like to set themselves up as the arbiters of racial morality, deciding which conservatives are respectable or otherwise on the basis of their agreement with liberal shibboleths on race. Already there have been attempts to smear Lott's successor, Bill Frist, and such other conservative politicians as Sen. Jeff Sessions. But conservatives need no moral instruction on the evil of fomenting racial division from the political allies of Al Sharpton and Jesse Jackson—from people who accuse President Bush of savoring hate crimes, from politicians who make false charges that Republicans are trying to keep blacks from being able to vote.

Both Clintons went before the cameras to say that the Republicans were upset with Lott only for spilling the beans about their racism. The NAACP last year gave a grade of F to every Republican senator, even Lincoln Chafee. Those who would prefer to believe that all the Republicans are racist will draw that conclusion. But others will reason that the civil-rights group is liberal, and an adjunct of the Democratic party. Most people understand that disagreement with Kweisi Mfume is not evidence of racism, and Republicans who are falsely charged with it for taking a conservative position need only respond that they will not capitulate to liberal attempts to stifle debate. The Republican party and the conservative cause may have suffered some damage because of Lott's gaffe, but that damage will be lasting only if Republicans act as though they are guilty of the Clintons' charges.

America's civil-rights establishment is looking more and more irrelevant by the day. A person who paid attention only to it over the last few years would have thought that the most pressing problems confronting black Americans were: the low salaries of superstar professors at Ivy League universities; the fact that no one on the regular cast of *Friends* is black; the fact that some crimes that are already punished are not additionally punished as "hate crimes"; the remaining traces of the Confederate flag in southern states; and the possibility that the character of Jar Jar Binks in the *Star Wars* movies might reinforce prejudices against people from the Caribbean. On some of these issues, the civil-rights groups may be correct; we are inclined to agree that the Confederate flag ought to go. But maybe 99 percent of the attention that has been given to the flag would be better devoted to getting black kids out of lousy schools.

Among the silly ideas that have been proposed in the weeks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since Lott's gaffe is a bipartisan commission on racial reconciliation, and we're sorry to see that Sen. Sam Brownback, who is usually sensible, has fallen for it. The nation's biggest "racial problem" is not a matter of attitudes. It is the disproportionate involvement of black Americans in the tangle of pathologies—from crime to illegitimacy—that define the underclass, and secondly the reaction to it by other Americans. Perhaps public-policy and social reforms can address those problems, but no amount of "dialogue" will solve them.

Nor will Republicans solve their political problems by spending taxpayer money on the cities, supporting racial preferences, or even promoting school choice. The pattern of the last few election cycles is clear. When Republicans have failed to contest black votes, Democrats have been free to scare them to the polls. The few times Republicans have counter-punched—by, for example, bothering to run anti-Democratic ads in media that black voters patronize—they have disrupted the Democrats' turnout machine. If Republicans want to win votes among blacks, they should start campaigning among them. They need to fight Democrats for black voters as they do for other voters. But they cannot do so if they spend the next two years apologizing for Trent Lott.

■ NOTES & ASIDES ■

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: I've just read your reply (Nov. 25) to my letter, in which you describe your idea for an "E-Z-Cap" keyboard.

Serendipity is at work here. In N&A for Sept. 30, a letter suggested that the word "e-mail" should be written "E-mail." You replied that "it is very hard to impose rules in the cyberworld because the *organic drive is to minimalize*." You encapsulated the essence of e-mail while responding to a simple grammatical inquiry, and I *had* to write (Nov. 25). My objective was to amplify your "minimalization" theme by including e-mail vernacular, probably the first time NR printed such an assault on traditional spelling! I am, of course, grateful for these 15 minutes of fame.

In your reply, you wrote that you had embarked on a mission to ease the plight of typists everywhere through your "E-Z-Cap" keyboard idea. As fate would have it, just last year I wrote to Michael Dell, CEO of Dell Computer. My idea was to move the R and T keys to the "home row," swapping them with J and K. As every Scrabble player knows, J and K are infrequently used. I thought touch-typists the world over would rejoice. The Dell Corporation replied saying that they "do not encourage the receipt of unsolicited disclosures."

So ends my serendipity saga . . . maybe. Would you be willing to combine our ideas in a letter to Michael Dell? Perhaps a note from you could penetrate the castle walls and reach a sympathetic CEO. Dell takes pride in custom-building each PC to each buyer's specs. Imagine if he agreed! Wouldn't that be a hoot?

Bill Freda
Valley Stream, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Freda: Thanks for your buoyant note. But, dear Bill, I do *not want* to change the configuration of the keyboard. I just want that simple enhancement I described. Next time you write, tell Mr. Dell that you know an editor of a famous fortnightly journal of opinion who owns *two* Dells, so he should be responsive to you.

Cordially, WFB

Dear Mr. Buckley: I read your excellent recommendation for a keyboard that avoids the shift key for capitalization. Such a feature now exists on the Blackberry, a small hand-held e-mail device. It also automatically capitalizes "I" and the first letter of each new sentence.

Because your idea was published years ago, it is clear that you should be receiving royalties for this idea. And, in your demands on the company, I suggest that you arrange for a new name for the product—the Buckleyberry!

Cecil C. Kuhne III
Dallas, Tex.

Dear Mr. Kuhne: That is great news. But to cope with these, I'd need to shrink my fingers to about one-fifth their current size. If you find a means to do that, advise, and I'll give you *all* my royalties.

Cordially, WFB

Dear Bill: I have some capital news to report: Your proposal of some years ago, reissued recently in N&A, that a keyboard be devised that would capitalize a letter simply upon pressing with extra pressure on a key, has now been realized. I am typing this good news on a Blackberry, produced by a company called Research in Motion, which includes this ingenious advance. The Blackberry is such a *favorite among corporate types* (pardon the pun) that some of us call this addictive device our Crackberry. The thumb-touch keyboard is a delight, and the wireless connection it provides means we can send e-mail to NR or cruise the web in real time and without harming our grammar, syntax, or punctuation.

L. Gordon Crovitz
Senior V.P., Dow Jones & Co.
New York, N.Y.

Dear Gordon: Well now, is this another version of the Buckleyberry (see above)? Or are you talking about *real* he-man keyboards? I will seek to ascertain this for myself, but the line at CompUSA is long, so if you have some material at hand, could you send it on, and I'll share it with our readers? I didn't succeed with an online search.

Cordially, Bill
—WFB

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■ NORTH KOREA ■

Pyongyang, Mon Amour

A sojourn in a surreal state

RADEK SIKORSKI

I AM a friend of North Korea. Or rather, that's what it probably says in my file in the North Korean ministry of foreign affairs. It happened like this. In 1992, as deputy minister for defense in Poland's first democratically elected government, I received an invitation to North Korea's embassy in Warsaw to celebrate the birthday of the Great Leader. Thinking that it would be my last chance to attend a Stalinist event, I went. The North Koreans were delighted to land such a "big fish." And when I told the ambassador, truthfully, that they must not allow ideological slackness or they would end up like Poland, he positively glowed. A laudatory telegram must have gone to Pyongyang, for each time I subsequently met a North Korean diplomat, he told me I was a good egg, who respected them at a time when even so-called Communists turned their backs.

So, vibes were good when I went to Pyongyang on an official visit, this time as my country's deputy foreign minister, almost ten years later. Rules are rules, though, and the North Korean diplomatic protocol informed us that cell phones could not be taken into the country (even though they don't work there) and would be confiscated irrespective of rank. I left mine in that oasis of liberty, Beijing.

Jimmy Carter once claimed that there are supermarkets in North Korea just like Wal-Mart, but I cannot confirm this. I saw people weakened from malnutrition wander from shop to empty, dimly-lit shop. There is nothing to buy even in the "dollar shops," unless you count liquor with a snake in the bottle or cigarettes. The only reasonably well-stocked shop I saw was a bookstore selling the literary labors of the Great Leader and his son, the Dear Leader. I purchased a work entitled *The Great Teacher of Journalists*, which opens with the immortal line, "Today, in Korea, the press is in its heyday and journalists are giving full scope to their talent in their worthwhile activities, for the Party and the revolution."

Foreigners move in North Korea as though enveloped in a smelly cloud—crowds part at their approach, pedestrians take a detour just to avoid being within talking distance. Apparently, if a Westerner so much as asks the time of day, locals have to report it to the secret police. I started reprimanding one of our diplomats for the fact that the information display (containing maps of Poland, articles, and the like) on the embassy perimeter wall was out of date. "It is pointless, Minister. People are not allowed to walk on our side of the street." Interestingly, foreigners cannot buy regime newspapers—diplomats might glean too much from the vagaries of the changing party line.

Tell me: Have you ever driven on a four-lane highway with no other traffic on it? And I don't mean light traffic, I mean none whatsoever. For the first half-hour it's pleasant, but then the creepiness sets in. Private cars are banned in North Korea, so a car is by definition an official car. At the sound of an approaching vehicle, the teams of women with shovels and rakes who keep flowerbeds along the road in immaculate condition stand to attention with their backs to the motorcade.

I was being taken to the House of Gifts to the Great Leader. A vast steel door—as if this were a nuclear bunker rather than a museum—leads into a spacious tunnel. A hundred yards into the mountain, a cathedral-sized cavern opens up in the rock and a huge marble statue of the Great Leader greets the visitor. We bowed and scraped. Another hundred yards in, we reached a second vast chamber, where the Great Leader, as if alive, stands in the midst of an idyllic meadow. We bowed and scraped before a Chinese-made wax doll.

From there, we entered a labyrinth of hundreds of large, brightly lit rooms where 241,000 gifts have been lovingly preserved in glass display cases. Carpets from Iran, mosaics from Arabia, tea sets from the Soviet Union, ebony sculptures from Africa—the usual diplomatic-circuit junk, including several rooms of what must be the largest collection of objects from East Germany, mostly hunting rifles. A medal from Jimmy Carter and a trinket from Billy Graham get special attention.

I bore my own gift. My suggestion of donating a portrait of Lech Walesa had been deemed too provocative, so I took a distinctly feudalist engraving of Warsaw's Royal Castle. "Would you like your name etched on the plaque that will describe the gift, or would you prefer just your function?" my hosts inquired. "Our diplomatic protocol forbids displays of bourgeois individualism," I said, chuckling inwardly.

Poland being a potato superpower, I had previously secured 50 tons of prime seedlings as our food aid for North Korea, which now gave me the right to inspect the project. On the farm, I was shown rows of potatoes grown from seedlings from different countries. By happy coincidence, Polish potatoes, explained the farm manager, who held a healthy plant with nice big bulbs dropping dirt, came up the best. We should intensify the cooper-

Mr. Sikorski is a resident fellow of the American Enterprise Institute, and executive director of AEI's New Atlantic Initiative.

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ation between our countries in the field of agriculture, swooned my minders.

Finally, we got to meet the president. No, not the Dear Leader, whom the outside world erroneously assumes to be in charge of the country: This was an audience with Kim Il Sung, the Great Leader himself. That he had been dead five years did not seem to upset our plans. We approached the presidential palace by way of a fully air-conditioned tunnel half a kilometer in length with marble walls and airport-style moving walkways. Eventually we reached the inner sanctum. Entering through an air sluice to prevent bacteria from polluting the air, we emerged into a chamber the size of the Reich's chancellery but made of the same red granite as the Lenin mausoleum. We bowed solemnly four times as we made our way around a reinforced glass coffin containing the mummified corpse of the Great Leader. This was our audience with Kim Il Sung, president-for-eternity of the Democratic Republic of North Korea. In Warsaw, we received letters of accreditation of the North Korean ambassador signed by the Great Leader two years after his earthly demise.

After visiting the president, one signs his visitors' book. One's embassy naturally prepares an anodyne formula about the friendship between our peoples and our respect for the Great Leader, but I had a moral conflict. As a lifelong anti-Communist, I could not put my name to a lie; as a public servant, I had to. I wrote in what the embassy had prepared. Then, in a flash of inspiration, I added, "I am personally impressed by what I have just seen. Humanity has seen nothing like this since the Egyptian pyramids." Contrary to the fears of my delegation, the North Koreans were delighted.

In recent weeks, discussions of North Korea in Washington have been dominated by technical issues—how many warheads do they possess, how many can they manufacture from the restarted facilities, can they put them on missiles, how far can the missiles reach? An old truth is in danger of being lost: It is not weapons, but people, who kill. It is the nature of the North Korean regime, and not its armaments, that threaten us. And that regime is beyond evil; it exists in a parallel moral universe. We can only be secure when it finds itself on the ash-heap of history where it belongs. **NR**

■ **THE NATION** ■

Mob Scene

Trent Lott and the 'neo-lib-cons'

JOHN O'SULLIVAN

TRENT LOTT's resignation from the post of Senate majority leader was greeted by an outburst of self-congratulation on both left and right. Liberals were pleased that the Republicans, having been unmasked as closet racists, would be less able to craft covert racist appeals in the future; conservatives were relieved that they would no longer be burdened by connections to covert racists like Lott.

Not only is Lott no longer majority leader, but it seems universally acceptable to describe him with little or no qualification as a racist who defended segregation. Thus Peggy Noonan: "And then some guy comes along and speaks the old code of yesteryear and seems to reinforce the idea that those who hold conservative positions are really, at heart, racist." Or Jonah Goldberg: "Trent Lott's indefensible comments [and the conservative reaction to them] . . . represented the death rattle of conservatism's racist fringe, not its re-emergence."

But did Lott explicitly defend segregation? Not at all. He explicitly disavowed segregation, denied that his original remarks were intended to favor it, and apologized for speaking in a loose way that might have given people the impression that he was defending it. So what happened?

The words that provoked the outrage were that "if the rest of the country had followed [Mississippi's] lead" in voting for Strom Thurmond in 1948, "we wouldn't have had all these problems over all these years . . ." To be sure, this comment could be reasonably interpreted as a defense of segregation if we knew nothing about the circumstances in which it was made. But—as prominent Democrats such as Tom Daschle and former senator Paul Simon conceded later—they were a mixture of joke and birthday-party flattery expressed in ill-chosen off-the-cuff words. And no one actually present, including several mainstream journalists with no love of Lott or the GOP, interpreted them as a serious political argument.

Lott's critics chose to interpret this jocose flattery as a conscious defense of segregation—and treated their own interpretation as a plain fact. But even if we treat Lott's words as expressing a serious opinion, they do not necessarily imply a defense of segregation. They could equally be an argument that America should have relied on market pressures, social change, moral suasion, and the example of greater racial equality in the rest of America to effect the dismantling of Jim Crow. Some conservatives argued quite sincerely for this approach at the time. They warned that federal intervention would bring about such evils as judicial imperialism, racial quotas, and an expanding regime of federal social controls. And they argued that an internal social evolution would be a surer foundation than federal intervention for long-term racial harmony.

The case for "the road not taken" was not inherently unreasonable. After all, something like that actually happened in South Africa—starting from an even worse racial status quo. A combination of internal market pressures, external diplomatic pressures, sanctions, and moral argument compelled the apartheid government to gradually dismantle a sophisticated structure of racial oppression. Eventually it surrendered power through negotiation and held free elections.

A similar process would almost certainly have occurred more rapidly in the U.S., where cultural and economic pressures would have been much more powerful. My own sense is that it would still not have moved quickly enough to justify the federal government's waiting for social evolution to give southern black U.S. citizens civil rights. But someone who took a more optimistic view would not necessarily have been a bigot or a segregationist.

Lott, however, was treated as both by critics who placed the worst possible interpretation upon his words. Such lack of scruple would be discounted as mere partisanship if it came solely from

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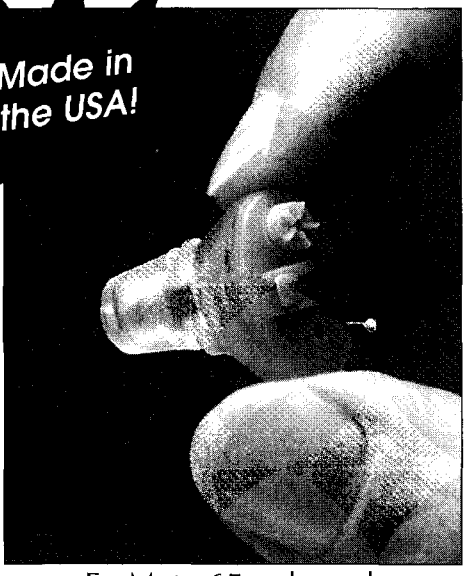

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liberals; but libertarians, conservatives, and neo-conservatives (hereinafter the "neo-lib-cons") also endorsed this interpretation—indeed, they were the ones who pushed it most strongly and gave it real political clout. And once that happened, Lott was in serious danger. Admittedly, he contributed to his own misfortune. In the first few days, he failed to take the storm of protest with sufficient seriousness. So the storm grew—and Democrats exploited it. Then Lott declared himself a supporter of affirmative action. He was disavowed by conservatives, by President Bush, and finally by the GOP regulars.

The Republican senators who dispatched Lott knew that the "segregationist" charge was unjust, and that the kind of "evidence" that had destroyed him might convict half the nation. They also sensed uneasily, even as they wielded the knife, that similar accusations based on the same kind of evidence would be extended to their entire party. This uneasiness was prescient. Since Lott's demise the media have been relentlessly advancing three claims: 1) that the rise of the GOP in the South is morally illegitimate because it is based on a racist appeal; 2) that the appointment of conservative judges or opposition to racial preferences would be similarly immoral; and 3) that the first test of the GOP's racial decency will be whether the White House opposes racial preferences in the impending Supreme Court case.

The GOP lawmakers know that they are now on the defensive; only in the world of the neo-lib-cons is the Lott affair seen as a glorious advance for the Right. The optimists have been declaring themselves "relieved" that they are no longer allied to closet racists, and so are now able to argue for colorblindness with a clear conscience. But in fact, they are making an extremely damaging admission: that they have been colluding with racists. Thus Maggie Gallagher: "What is new is the determination of Christian and other conservatives not to let politics trump human dignity." Really? So until now these people have been letting politics trump human dignity, have they? James Carville will be delighted to have this so authoritatively confirmed. Or take Noemie Emery in *The Weekly Standard*: "It is a chance for the GOP to clean up its act and its household, haul tons of old rubbish out of the attic, and banish some shopworn old ghosts." Those tons of old rubbish—they would be what exactly? Bob Herbert in the *New York Times* had no difficulty in translating Emery's metaphor into a useful critique of the GOP. And those "shopworn old ghosts" turn out to be almost every Republican politician since Eisenhower.

Emery, Gallagher, and others would doubtless deny this interpretation of

A GOP sacrifice, by Roman Genn

their words—just as hotly as Trent Lott denied their interpretation of his words. But what credibility do they have? After all, they have just admitted to colluding with closet racists and trumpers of human dignity all these years. Reagan? Well, he kicked off his 1980 campaign in a town where civil-rights workers had been killed. George Bush? Willie Horton. George W. Bush? Bob Jones University. See how easily convictions can be obtained once your standards of evidence evaporate.

How come the neo-lib-cons—all of them sophisticated, almost all of them writers I like, respect, and generally agree with—allowed themselves to be ideologically wrong-footed in this way? One explanation is that the universe of web-loggers—where the anti-Lott campaign was effectively launched—lacks a device for encouraging deliberation and second thoughts. On the whole the so-called blogosphere is an advance for democratic debate. In this case, however, the various web-loggers, rather than debating the Lott case from different directions, essentially egged one another forward with the same arguments and moral slogans. And though the anti-racist slogans were morally unimpeachable, a self-righteous mob is still a mob.

A second factor was that even those neo-lib-cons who saw that the case against Lott was dubious were on a moral roll. They were prepared to convict Lott in order to demonstrate that conservatives were simon-pure on race. Thus, web-logger Howard Owens wrote: "Trent Lott may not have deserved what he got. . . . But again the import of the moment isn't whether Lott is a racist; it is the symbolic act of conservatives taking him to task." Quite apart from the cold morality implied by this argument, it also carries with it the practical difficulty that, to convict an innocent man, you have to resort to elastic standards of evidence. And those standards can then be used to smear the very conservatives whom his conviction was intended to benefit. This is neither decent morality nor prudent politics.

And, finally, there is the psychology of the case. Neo-lib-cons had internalized the liberal version of civil rights history, which holds that liberals fought for civil rights, and conservatives were "on the wrong side." But the truth is somewhat more complicated. Although some conservatives were indeed on the wrong side, others sought to achieve racial equality by means other than federal judicial impositions. And once the Civil Rights Act had been passed, its implementation in the South was not achieved by stern high-minded liberal activism but by a combination of different pressures—including some brought to bear by the GOP.

Remember that the Jim Crow South was created by the Democrats and ruthlessly sustained by them for decades. From 1968 onwards, however, the national Democratic party embraced the reverse: a Jim Crow politics of racial preferences. This policy broke Democrats in two: National Democratic candidates wanted to impose reverse discrimination, and local Democrats led by George Wallace

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The UN and Israel

Is the Jewish state getting a fair shake from the world body?

Several years ago, we published one of our clarifying messages under the heading of "The UN and the Middle East." In it, we described how the UN seems to be totally obsessed with Israel. Now, a few years later, it might be time to revisit the topic.

What are the facts?

An outcast: Israel is indeed an outcast in the United Nations and thus, by extension, a pariah in the whole world. Though founded in 1948 – over fifty years ago and at about the same time as many other countries in the wake of World War II – its "legitimacy," its "right to exist," are still being questioned and a topic of constant debate in the UN.

Following the 1967 Six-Day War, the hostility of the United Nations against Israel expanded out of all bounds. Between 1967 and 1988, the UN Security Council passed 88 Resolutions against Israel and the UN General Assembly passed more than 400.

In 1974, Yassir Arafat addressed the General Assembly with a holstered pistol on his hip and received a standing ovation by that body. The hostility against Israel reached its peak in 1975, when the General Assembly passed Resolution 3379 declaring "Zionism as a form of racism." This infamous Resolution remained in effect for sixteen years when, under intense pressure from the United States, it was finally repealed.

What is the reason for the collective hostility of the UN against Israel? All of this hostility is based on the very structure of the United Nations. In the General Assembly, 130 of the 190 members will always, automatically, vote against Israel. The inner circle of this hatred is the core of twenty Arab nations, which initiates the harshest condemnations of Israel. Those countries are part of the larger 56-member Muslim group, which can reliably be counted on automatically to join the Arab block in their anti-Israel Resolutions. And those countries are almost always joined by the "non-aligned" group, which are essentially the underdeveloped countries of the world. They have little interest in Israel, but they are united in their hatred of the United States and consider Israel its surrogate. Each country in the General Assembly counts the same. The vote of the United States counts the same as that of, say, Rwanda or the Ivory Coast.

The greatest outrage is that of the 190 members of the UN, Israel, not being a full member of any of the "regional groups," is the only country that cannot be a member of the Security Council, the most important body of the UN. Syria, deservedly classified as a terrorist state, has just been elected to a 2-year term on that Council. Such outlaw countries as Libya, Iran, North Korea, and even Saddam Hussein's Iraq are eligible for membership. Israel is not.

The most virulent center of anti-Israel activities within the UN. The Human Rights Commission (UNHRC) has classified Israel as the principal human rights violator in the world today. Since its inception, about 25% of its Resolutions have condemned Israel. Such egregious human rights violations as those of China in Tibet, or of Russia in Chechnya don't even come to the floor for discussion. The genocide in Rwanda, the ethnic cleansing in Yugoslavia, the horrifying "communal strife" in Indonesia's East Timor, the "disappearance" of a few hundred thousand refugees in the Congo, and the ruthless rampage of the Sudanese Muslims against the Christians are not found worthy of the attention of the Human Rights Commission.

> "Instead of condemning and hating Israel, [the underdeveloped countries] should take it as an example of how to build an advanced, prosperous and competent nation."

Such outlandish canards as the "blood libel," that Jews use the blood of Muslims and Christians for the baking of their Passover matzos or of the Israelis injecting Arab children with the AIDS virus are earnestly discussed in that forum.

Finally, there is the United Nations Relief and Works Agency (UNRWA) which was established in 1949 to assist the Palestinian "refugees" created by the Arabs' attempt to destroy Israel at its birth. For more than 50 years, UNRWA has fully funded and essentially administers the so-called "refugee camps" – hotbeds of murderous anti-Israel activity, including the notorious camp in Jenin, which is the source of most of the suicide bombers who have so far killed over six hundred Israeli civilians and wounded thousands more.

Obviously, the pressure that the Arabs and other Muslim countries are able to exert because of their disproportionate economic power is the main cause of the anti-Israelism (anti-Semitism) of the UN. But most disturbing is the participation and acquiescence in such activity on the part of many of the European nations which, by their actions or inaction, were complicit in the Holocaust. As to the underdeveloped nations of the world, all of which are represented in the General Assembly, one would hope that they would look to Israel as a country from which they could learn and that they would wish to emulate. Virtually all of the countries created after WWII, most of them in Africa, have regressed socially, politically, economically, and in virtually all other respects since freeing themselves from their colonial condition. Millions and millions have died in fratricidal wars. Millions have died of starvation and millions are condemned to die by famine and by AIDS. Instead of condemning and hating Israel, they should take it as an example of how to build an advanced, prosperous and competent nation.

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wanted to resist even "color-blind" civil rights.

Into this political gap stepped the Republicans—including Trent Lott—to persuade a resentful region to accept a steady movement toward racial equality. In order to soothe the South into accepting the Civil Rights Act, such politicians had to treat their constituents not as bigots but as essentially good people open to change. They had to depict the South not as an apartheid society but as a civilization that was decent in many ways but marred by racial injustice in others. They had to make occasional gestures of solidarity with the southern tradition; and they had to make speeches to bodies like the White Citizens' Councils.

What did those speeches say? Usually, behind closed doors, they went like this: "Look, boys, I know you all are decent folks. But we gotta admit we treated the Negroes badly, and there have to be changes. Some of those changes I don't like any more than you. Others—let's admit it—are long overdue. And all of them will help us attract new industries and make everybody, white and black, better off. But we need responsible leadership. And that sure as hell doesn't mean the northern Democrats."

This kind of politics is uninspiring, which explains why a master of it, like Trent Lott, strikes Charles Krauthammer, Andrew Sullivan, and the philosophers of the blogosphere as insincere and opportunist. But that is how democratic politics works. And it *did* work: Yesterday's South has been transformed into a region much like the rest of America. Selma has a black mayor; there is a two-party system; schools are integrated. And all of this has been achieved with very little conflict since the 1960s.

Liberals should realize that Lott and other politicos fostered racial equality—even if they did so at the expense of the Democratic party. Conservatives should break off from their moral self-congratulation to ponder that under Lott both the GOP's partisan interests and the cause of colorblind equality made major advances. And both sides should ponder the consequences of the truth that in a democracy the voters have to be persuaded out of their prejudices. **NR**

■ **PUBLIC POLICY** ■

Illegal but Paid?

The question of Social Security for Mexicans

JOEL MOWBRAY

"U.S. Social Security May Reach to Mexico," blared a *Washington Post* headline last month: A U.S.-Mexico agreement would send hundreds of millions of dollars in Social Security benefits annually to roughly 37,000 Mexican workers. But this and other news reports actually dramatically underestimated the true scope of the accord. If top officials at the State Department and the Social Security Administration have their way, up to $345 billion could be siphoned from the Social Security "trust fund" over the next two decades—mostly to people who worked in the U.S. illegally.

The media reports quoted a relatively low cost because the Mexico pact is supposedly modeled after deals the U.S. already has with 20 other countries, mostly in Europe, known as Totalization Agreements. "Totalization" is government-speak for combining the taxes paid into America's and a foreign country's respective social-security systems—thus allowing people who split their careers between two countries to get a harmonized retirement benefit from the two governments. But the Mexico accord is different in one key respect: It makes *illegals* from Mexico eligible for Social Security benefits, which will make the cost skyrocket.

Today, people who worked in the U.S. illegally can receive Social Security benefits for that period only if they become citizens or permanent legal residents. The new agreement would lift this requirement for Mexican illegals. Though not denying that this is the case, an SSA press officer cautions that "discussions are still in the preliminary stages." But according to an internal SSA memo obtained by NR, illegal aliens who never become legalized would be covered under the pact: "Mexican nationals working illegally in the U.S. can currently become entitled to benefits . . . [The deal] would include this population." Government sources confirm that the pact will, in fact, allow illegal aliens to qualify for Social Security without first obtaining legal residence in the U.S.

There are between 7 and 11 million illegals in the U.S.—about half of whom are from Mexico. Allowing them to receive Social Security benefits would dramatically inflate the number of new beneficiaries, and cause the Social Security trust fund to hemorrhage hundreds of billions of dollars. The cost would be run up not just by normal benefit payments, but by increased fraud in a system already susceptible to widespread malfeasance. Because illegals, by necessity, must give employers phony Social Security numbers (SSNs), SSA allows people to claim benefits for work histories with different SSNs from the one presently used by the now-legal immigrant. This means that if someone named Fred Jones walks into a Social Security office with a green card in his name and a W-2 for someone named Joe Smith, the SSA employee would likely allow Mr. Jones to claim benefits based on the work history of "Joe Smith." But according to government investigators, SSA does not track which work histories have been claimed for benefits—so someone could recycle W-2s or pay stubs used by someone else the week before, and SSA would be none the wiser. SSA only checks to make sure two different people aren't using the same *current* number while receiving benefits, not which numbers were used to claim the benefits.

One of the biggest areas of fraud is disability benefits. If someone works, on average, six months per year, he can—upon becoming disabled—qualify for benefits equal to up to two-thirds or more of his average salary. Law firms and others out to make a quick buck place ads, particularly in towns near the Mexican border, urging people to seek Social Security disability benefits. Along I-10 in El Paso, drivers can spot both English- and Spanish-language billboards promising to help the "disabled"; for people who heed the call of those billboards, the payout can be generous.

If the Totalization Agreement is

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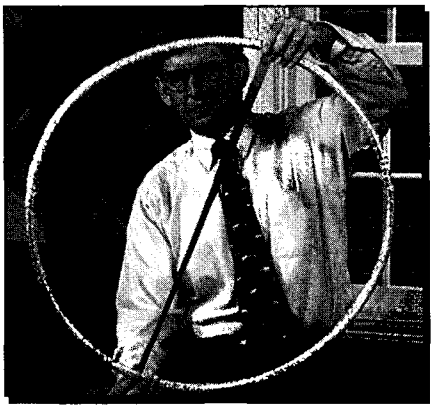

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approved, there will be a strong incentive for disability-insurance fraud. If a 24-year-old Mexican national who has worked illegally in the U.S. for three years is able to present documents from a friendly doctor and either a W-2 or pay stubs that indicate $12,000 in annual earnings, he will be eligible for the following: nearly $8,000 per year in disability income (adjusted for inflation), until age 65, at which point he would receive the same amount as retirement pay. (If he manages to get an under-the-table job in the U.S. or Mexico, he will be able to double-dip for a second income stream.) If he is survived by his wife or dependents, his family would be able to receive up to almost $12,000 annually. If he dies at 60, and his widow lives to 85, U.S. taxpayers will be on the hook for nearly a half-million dollars. That's for *one* worker brought into Social Security by the pact.

■

Officials at State and the Social Security Administration are not playing by the rules.

■

Since 1990, the amount of Social Security taxes paid by illegal aliens has been increasing rapidly. Nearly $300 billion has been paid under bogus Social Security numbers. The best indicator of how much the illegals will receive is how much they have paid in; but, because of the progressive nature of Social Security, the illegals stand to get back significantly more money than the taxes they paid. This would wreak havoc on the effort to reform Social Security. Notes the Heritage Foundation's Daniel Mitchell: "Adding millions of new beneficiaries without any structural reform of the system is, at best, politically and economically questionable."

Congressional and SSA officials who spoke with NR on condition of anonymity scoffed at earlier press accounts citing costs in the hundreds of millions of dollars, and predicted instead an immediate total annual cost in the billions. SSA does not keep track of how much money currently goes to Mexican nationals (legal or illegal immigrants) living in the U.S., and there are no estimates of the number of illegals who currently get disability payments. Illegals covered under the Totalization Agreement would have to wait till age 62 for retirement benefits, or till the passing of an immediate family member for survivors' benefits—but there would be no such waiting period for disability benefits. If the requirement for a green card or citizenship is removed, it will be easier to cheat the system—and the level of disability fraud could rise dramatically, causing a cost tsunami almost immediately.

The Totalization Agreement with Mexico could be enacted before year's end. Once SSA gives its approval to the fine print, the deal will need State's endorsement; after that, the White House—acting on State's recommendation—would likely rubber-stamp it (which is the standard operating procedure on most international accords) and send it to Congress for approval. According to an internal State Department memo, "the negotiations and approval processes could result in implementation as early as October 1, 2003." An internal SSA memo reflects similar optimism: "Preliminary discussions between SSA and [Mexican officials] have gone extremely well." So well, the memo continues, that "SSA is hopeful that a final Agreement text could be reached and ready for signature by the Commissioner [of SSA] in February, 2003." Negotiations, which are overseen and guided by State but carried out on the ground by SSA officials, may already be completed, according to a senior congressional staffer: "The deal is done; the announcement is all that's left."

A Totalization Agreement with Mexico could, in fact, be a good deal for the U.S.—but only if structured properly. If illegal aliens are not made eligible for benefits—in other words, if the deal with Mexico were concluded on the same terms we have with 20 other nations—then the cost of the agreement would most likely be as reasonable as the low-range estimates reported last month. And the upshot would be that Mexican citizens who play by the rules could take full advantage of Social Security taxes paid both here and south of the border. But as things stand right now, it is officials at State and SSA who are not playing by the rules—and Congress and the White House should not play along. **NR**

■ **PUBLIC POLICY II** ■

USDA-Disapproved

Small farmers and big government

ROD DREHER

JENNY DRAKE was a Virginia state health inspector until five years ago, when she and her husband moved to rural Tennessee and started Peaceful Pastures, a small livestock farm. They raise free-range beef, pork, turkey, veal, lamb, goat, duck, and chicken—without jacking the animals up with hormones and antibiotics, as is common practice at factory farms. Their meat goes through a USDA processing facility, as government regulations require—all except the poultry. And because of those chickens, the Peaceful Pastures have been troubled. Therein lies a tale about government regulation, the decline in food quality, and the end of family farming in America.

"The state says no bird in Tennessee can be sold without USDA inspection of the processing facilities," says Drake. "Here's what kills all of us small poultry farmers: There are no USDA custom-kill processing plants in the entire Southeast."

Drake says she looked into building a small processing facility on her farm, but the cost of meeting government standards made it impossible. If all she had to do were to construct facilities strictly for meat processing, Drake figures she could have done so for $20,000; but as the law stands now, a building that met minimal federal guidelines would cost about $150,000.

"The Americans with Disabilities Act, for example, means a small producer has to put in restrooms that are handicapped-accessible," Drake says. "I'd have to build an office for the inspector. That office has to have its own phone line. I'd have to put in a paved parking lot. We have to meet the same physical

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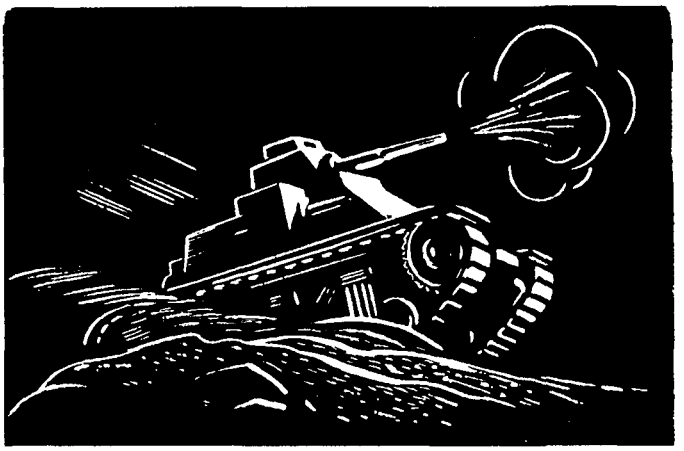

Recently, a man wrote in to a Catholic magazine complaining, "Why can't you be more blood and guts like the *New Oxford Review*?" Dealing with the horrendous sex crisis in the Church certainly calls for blood and guts.

Priestly sex scandals in the U.S. Catholic Church were few and far between before seminaries began accepting homosexuals in the 1960s. The homosexual population of the U.S. is estimated at between 2 and 10%. Homosexuals in the priesthood are now estimated to be between 30 and 60%. A major study conducted by *The Kansas City Star* found that "priests are dying of AIDS at a rate at least four times that of the general U.S. population...."

Is celibacy the culprit? No. *The Times of London* found that priests in the (Anglican) Church of England are dying of AIDS at a rate roughly 2 to 3 times greater than Catholic priests in the U.S.! Note well: The Church of England has *always* allowed priests to marry.

Not surprisingly, 90 to 98% of the publicized cases of priestly pedophilia committed by U.S. Catholic priests involve *boys* (whether prepubescent or postpubescent). Not all "gays" are pedophiles, but pedophilia — called "intergenerational love" by homosexuals — is part and parcel of the homosexual subculture, which places great emphasis on youthful physique and is notoriously promiscuous, and whose publications commonly carry themes of adult-child sex.

How did a number of seminaries get flooded with homosexuals? Not only because many bishops and religious orders have allowed seminaries to admit homosexuals — in direct violation of Vatican policy — but because certain vocations directors and seminaries reject a candidate, not because he's homosexual but because he's "homophobic" — they also reject candidates deemed "rigid" (a code word for orthodox).

In certain seminaries, professors openly dissent from Catholic teaching on homosexuality, and homosexual behavior is protected. And those orthodox, morally straight seminarians who managed to get in under the radar and who object to the scandalous goings-on are persecuted or forced out. Meanwhile, sodomites are ordained priests, and they protect and promote one another, forming what is widely known as "the Lavender Mafia," extending even into episcopal ranks.

Thanks to the media, the U.S. bishops have finally had to take a strong stand against "sexual abuse of minors." But the get-tough policy affects only some priestly violations of the sacred vow of celibacy. It doesn't affect sex with men and other priests. As long as sodomite priests are often winked at, and certain seminaries continue to be hothouses for flamers and promote the dissent that justifies immorality, sexual license in the priesthood will continue. But it *must and will be stopped*, if not by the bishops then by us the laity.

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standards as a Tyson's, and we just can't do it."

In the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia, Joel Salatin and his family run Polyface Farms, a highly regarded small producer of meats raised according to traditional farming practices ("like God intended," says the evangelical Christian farmer). Salatin tells a similar story of battling regulators.

"The code said we had to have bathrooms for our employees. I told them we were 50 feet away from two houses with bathrooms, and besides, we're a family operation: We don't have employees. It didn't matter to them. Then they said we had to have twelve changing-lockers for employees—even if we didn't have employees.

"See, this is bureaucracy in action," he says. "It has nothing to do with the quality of our meat. They just want to follow the code. This is happening all over the country. A lot of it is being done under the guise of protecting the general welfare and guaranteeing clean food. But what it really does is protect big agribusiness from rural independent competition."

State and federal regulations governing the nation's meat and dairy supply are supposed to guarantee safe, quality food products. But the rules are actually tailored to benefit mass agriculture producers at the expense of small farmers. Also hurt are consumers—who are being denied the opportunity to purchase meat and dairy products that taste better, and which may be better for them (or, at least, not as harmful as the government fears).

Chefs, food writers, and gourmets are mobilizing against what Patrick Martins, president of the activist group Slow Food USA, calls "these overworrisome hyper-hygienist laws, whose point is to standardize everything that's produced." If traditional methods of cheese-making and meat-curing have worked for centuries in Europe, the argument goes, why ban them in America?

Small farmers and their advocates in culinary circles sound a similar anti-regulatory refrain, though their complaints sometimes have as much to do with economics and rural tradition as with the foodie hunger for artisanal meats and cheeses.

It's no secret that the small family farm is nearly extinct in the United States, quashed by economies of scale that make it virtually impossible for small farms to survive. Some milk and dairy farmers are attempting to stay afloat by serving the tiny but growing market for premium meats (typically free-range and free of hormones and antibiotics), specialty cheeses, and the like.

But what's happening to independent beef farmers in Wyoming shows how the health code can stymie their efforts. It is illegal, for example, to ship across state lines meat processed at a non-USDA-inspected facility. Yet Wyoming's meat-processing plant is only *state*-approved. To sell meat out of state, beef farmers have to transport their cattle over hundreds of miles for slaughter, which adds

tremendously to their costs. Large operators are in a better position to afford this. Wyoming may follow the lead of Washington state, which recently purchased the nation's first mobile USDA-certified slaughter facility, a 24-foot trailer that will travel the state processing meat on farms.

USDA approval is economically crucial in other ways too: It allows farmers to sell directly to stores, realizing two to three times more profit than if they used a processing plant—and it thus removes the greatest barrier to providing non-factory-farmed meat to consumers at affordable prices.

But why should the average consumer care whether his meat and his milk come from small farms, as long as he can be reasonably sure the food is clean? Flavor aside, most consumers would agree that the loss of family farms is a small price to pay for safe meat and dairy products. Rick Heinrich, a Tennessee health official with whom Jenny Drake has tangled, says: "If someone wants to slaughter 200 chickens or so per year, it's not cost-effective for them to follow the regulations. But do we want to let people slaughter meat in the backyard and sell it on the sidewalk?"

Small farmers counter by saying that the current system doesn't guarantee safety at all, and may make American meat more risky. Besides the issue of antibiotics and hormones, there's the more serious matter of food-borne pathogens. In the best-selling book *Fast Food Nation*, Eric Schlosser argues that factory-farming livestock in crowded, diseased feedlots and the rapid, assembly-line processing of meat through a handful of slaughterhouses before dispersing it throughout the country create ideal conditions for mass spreading of contamination.

Adele Hayes, a livestock farmer from Warrenville, N.Y., says the meat-eaters her small organic farm serves can have more confidence in the safety of her meat. "My 300 customers come to me because they know that I know which animal their meat comes from, where that animal has been, and how it was cared for."

Hayes believes USDA-approved mobile slaughterhouses might be the salvation of operations like hers. But she is leery of government regulators, believing them to be sellouts to the agribusiness mentality. Drake, who calls herself "so right-wing I make Rush Limbaugh look like a liberal," says small farmers have few friends in Congress, owing primarily to the rich agribusiness lobby.

"Often it will be the case that the larger competitors can better absorb overhead costs of regulations than the smaller ones," says Washington-based economist Edward Hudgins of the Objectivist Center. "Therefore, the larger competitors will not fight too hard against added regulations because [those regulations] have the effect of killing off the competition."

No one is arguing that government health rules are unnecessary. Most small farmers only want them to be reasonable (for example, it makes no sense that it should be legal for someone to take a minor risk to his health by eating raw oysters, but illegal to do the same by eating a soft raw-milk cheese); simplified (regulations vary widely from state to state); and flexible (that is, taking the

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Please urge Attorney General Ashcroft to permit the presentation of all of the evidence. And ask your congressman and senators to pass a law preventing future concealment.

Will You Act?

* Bryan Epis was sentenced to ten years. The story the jury did not hear: In 1983, while in high school, Bryan was a passenger in a car that hit a telephone pole. The car decelerated from 35 mph to 0 in 20 milliseconds. Bryan had lacerations all over his body, 15 inches of lacerations in his skull, his sternum was fractured and two ribs were broken. The T2 and T3 vertebrae suffered compression fractures. The surgery just to stitch his head together lasted 2½ hours. He was in a coma for two days, and intensive care for three days. The surgeon said he was lucky not to be a vegetable or dead. Bryan began two years of physical therapy. He was told that the compression fractures would never heal, and they haven't. He suffers from chronic pain. He was prescribed heavy narcotic and narcotic derivative drugs, codeine and Vicodin for the pain. In 1983, his orthopedic surgeon recommended marijuana as a drug that could relieve pain better than the narcotics. Bryan used cannabis from 1983 to 1997. Using marijuana in combination with exercise, he reduced the pain level from level 10 to level 1. While using cannabis in his treatment, he finished high school; finished the grueling program for a Bachelor of Science degree in Electrical Engineering from California State University at Chico in May 1991 (only 1 in 5 who enter the program graduate); and finished law school at California Northern School of Law in May 1998. Bryan's explanation for growing the marijuana was that he needed it to alleviate his pain and to help other seriously ill patients.

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small farmer's limitations into consideration).

Keith Collins, the USDA's chief economist, says small organic farmers account for only 2 percent of America's vast food market, "but their share is growing very fast." For several reasons, more people are seeking out traditionally raised food, which, whatever you think of health concerns, flat-out taste better. Besides, the importance of this issue doesn't lie with the desire of foodies to sink their teeth legally into a young, raw-milk Camembert (which, incidentally, the French eat gobs of without getting sick). Ultimately, it's about preserving cultural standards and reviving vanishing traditions.

Also vanishing are rural populations, and the small farms that used to be the backbone of rural America. Done right, says Joel Salatin, reform of the health code could reinvigorate the countryside "by freeing up the entrepreneurial spirit here." As one rural-affairs expert told the *New York Times* recently: "We give a lot of tax breaks and direct payments to big agriculture companies that don't do much for the local economy, but rarely do we give anything to the little guy trying to start a business and stay in town."

But government handouts to small farmers won't work as well as the Nanny State's staying its regulatory hand, and providing an incentive for small meat and dairy farmers to sell their products at a fair price—informing consumers of potential health risks, and letting the goods stand or fall in the marketplace.

In the meantime, as we know from the days of Prohibition, there's no way to keep enterprising Americans from their ingestables. Jo Robinson, a grass-fed-beef advocate from the Seattle area, speaks of an outlaw chef who quit his restaurant job to raise meat and vegetables on his private farm. The chef makes and sells meat products. Says Robinson: "He stores the food in an outdoor refrigerator and customers come and choose from what's currently available. It's run on the honor system. Pick up the food and write a check. In the past year, a wonderful community of food lovers has grown around his efforts. The chef tells me he is in violation of so many regulations that he can't list them. Yet his customers aren't complaining. They regard him as a living treasure." **NR**

■ **CULTURE WATCH** ■

Hootie vs. Hootie

The morality play surrounding Augusta National

JAY NORDLINGER

IT'S strange that Augusta National's membership rolls should be such a big news story. Then too, it was strange that the 1948 presidential campaign should have been a big story—in December 2002. Who knows how these things come about?

Well, I do—certainly in the case of Augusta National. The campaign to force the storied club to accept women members is the handiwork of two persons, primarily: Martha Burk, "chair" (as she says) of a group called the National Council of Women's Organizations, and Howell Raines, executive editor of the *New York Times*. Both have found a calling of sorts.

Augusta National is revered by much of this country, not least because it was founded by Bobby Jones, one of the greatest sports figures in our history, and because it hosts a touchstone tournament, the Masters. But the club is a soft target for activists, lampooners, crabs, and other nuisances: It's a golf club, first of all—always an object of mockery; it is a unique and exclusive one, famously hard to get into; it adheres to all manner of traditions, some of them laudable, some of them sort of silly; and it's located in the South. What could be more puncturable?

Listen to a columnist riffing and chortling in the *Washington Post*: "When boys build a neat treehouse, 'Members Only' is the first sign that goes up. Though, at the age when such things matter, the 's' in 'members' may be printed backwards. You need a special handshake, maybe give a drop of blood. As for icky girls, they can't come in at all. The most famous treehouse in America for little boys of all ages is located in the Georgia pines of Augusta. It's 'Spanky and Our Gang' for millionaires."

And who are these privileged and comical clubmates? Why, "Spanky, Alfalfa, and Hootie."

Who's Hootie? Ah, there's the killer. Why did he have to be named "Hootie"? Why did the current chairman of the Augusta National Golf Club have to be William W. (Hootie) Johnson, known to one and all by that nickname? This is Christmas morning—and Kwanzaa and the Fourth of July and everything else—for Augusta-bashers, and -ridiculers. It seems to confirm everything they want to believe about this peculiar and proud club: Of *course* the chairman would be named Hootie (if not Rufus, or Jefferson—as in Davis, of course, not the third president, slaveholder that he was).

Funny thing is, Johnson, a banker, has always been known as a progressive in his home state of South Carolina. He was a mover in the desegregation of the state's colleges and universities. He was a board member of the National Urban League (for heaven's sake). He was a trustee of Benedict College (a "historically black" institution). He received the Outstanding Citizen Award from the national B'nai B'rith—the only South Carolinian besides Bernard Baruch to be so honored, says one account of him.

No matter: In the national press now, he's just Hootie the Hoot, an "old coot," a cracker—some Bilbo or Boss Hogg.

And Martha Burk? Her bio describes her as a "political psychologist and women's equity expert," who has served on the board of NOW. Here's how she got the idea of going after Augusta National: As she related to that same *Washington Post*, she was watching last year's Masters on television. "The tournament was over, Tiger Woods has won, and it's time for the green jacket. So this guy comes out on camera and he says . . . 'A'hm Hootie Johnson, *prezzz*-a-dint of thuh Uh-*gust*-a National Golf Club.'" And Ms. Burk thought to herself, "Hootie Johnson, Ah'm a-gonna wraaaht yew uh letter!"

All class, this lady. One quirk of this story is that Martha Burk's childhood nickname was . . . Hootie. But, she says, meaningfully, "at some point I outgrew it." As for the moniker's relation to

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Chairman Johnson, "It's kind of cute, but it's a little hard to take a Hootie as seriously as you would a William or a Bill."

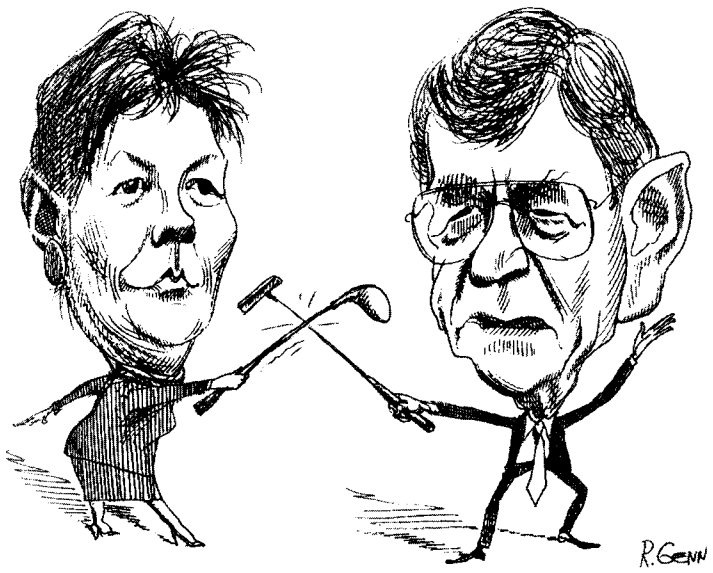
Yes. Anyway, she did indeed write Johnson a letter, and it was a classic of the genre. While subtle in spots, it said, essentially, "Start admitting women as members, or else." It was signed, "Martha Burk, Ph.D., Chair."

After Johnson got the letter, something very weird happened: He didn't wring his hands or ask for mercy or seek a quick, quiet solution. He came out firing. He went on the offensive. Rather like President Bush, he embraced a policy of preemption. Unlike the president (so far), he implemented it. In a personal letter, he told Dr. Burk—again, essentially—to stuff it. Then, in an official "statement," he warned of an anti-Augusta campaign ahead, complete with pickets, boycotts, and even Internet websites. But, he vowed, "we will not be bullied, threatened, or intimidated." It was clear that "Dr. Burk and her colleagues view themselves as agents of change and feel any organization that has stood the test of time and has strong roots in tradition—and does not fit their profile—needs to be changed. We do not intend to become a trophy in their display case." The chairman concluded, "There may well come a day when women will be invited to join our membership, but that timetable will be ours, and not at the point of a bayonet."

Well. That is about as strong a conservative statement as we have heard in a long time. Johnson was "taking his stand," as surely as John Crowe Ransom and all those other signers of the Southern Manifesto were doing. But was this a reprehensible stand? Was this some version of standing in the schoolhouse door? No, Johnson has insisted—repeatedly and eloquently (if with rough eloquence). There's nothing immoral or shameful—not to mention illegal—about an all-male club, or an all-female club, for that matter. Don't talk to me about civil rights, he says. This is an entirely different cat.

Hootie Johnson finds himself standing athwart history yelling, Stop—or rather, Y'all go on without Augusta.

Martha Burk, of course, did not stop. She threatened the commercial sponsors of the Masters telecast—Johnson said, "Okay, we'll do without sponsors. Why should they have to suffer from what is really a campaign against *us*?" She demanded that CBS stop broadcasting the tournament. The network said no thanks. She pressured the players—particularly Tiger Woods (a "minority," you know). She pressured individual members and their employers. She called on the PGA Tour to cease to recognize the Masters as an official event. She secured and published the membership rolls—"outing" the old fools, as she said.



Burk and Johnson draw clubs, by Roman Genn

And through it all, Hootie Johnson fumed. But he stood his ground, reasoning that Augusta National and its tournament were a *good* thing, and that attempts to sully them, or "reform" them, should fail.

The chairman is undoubtedly a piece of work. He rarely gives interviews, but when he does, he's about the bluntest, most irascible, most straight-talkin' guy out there. He may also have a touch of mischief. He told Clifton Brown of the *New York Times*, "We hold dear our tradition and our constitutional right to choose." *Constitutional right to choose?* Doesn't Johnson know that those words are to apply only to abortion? He insists that "single-gender organizations are *good*, and part of the fabric of America"—are you gonna go after the Girl Scouts and their cookies, too? He's a little like George W. Bush (again) in that he favors the monosyllabic answer: "Is there any chance that you and Martha Burk will meet face to face?" "No."

As for the other Hootie, Martha Burk (Ph.D., Chair), she's obviously having a ball. Her Warhol-allotted 15 minutes has extended to several months now. The media adore her. She poses for mags in green jackets (get it?). She's getting ready for big protests at the Masters come April. There has been talk of women in "green burqas." Jesse Jackson has promised to show up and help yell. Burk has launched a website called AugustaDiscriminates.org, which features a "Hall of Hypocrisy," meant to shame members who are corporate CEOs, with their "contempt for women" (no less).

Dr. Burk knows that there will be women members at Augusta one day. Johnson and his brethren pretty much know it too. It's just that they hate the idea that this eventuality will be interpreted as a correction of a moral failing. And they know that much of the heat on Augusta comes from sheer envy and resentment—and from too much time on certain hands, with too much *real* civil-rights work already accomplished.

Bobby Jones's club is, in its way, a "little platoon"—a little Burkean (although not Martha Burkean) brigade—and it is even a "point of light," seeing as it has given away $15 million in charity over the last five years. Martha Burk and the *New York Times* fancy that they're draggin' ol' Hootie into the 21st century, or the 20th, or the 19th, or whatever. Johnson acknowledges that, "in many ways, [Augusta] may be timeless. But there's nothing wrong with that."

He has a point. **NR**

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■ NORTH KOREA II ■

Escape from Hell

To be a refugee from North Korea

JOHN J. MILLER

KANG KIL-OK knew she had to flee North Korea after security guards beat her 61-year-old mother so badly that the old lady couldn't walk.

It was the summer of 1997. Kang's brother and his family had vanished. One suspicion was that the regime of dictator Kim Jong Il had taken them away, to a prison camp or some other terrible fate, for a crime they may or may not have committed. With government officials quizzing the relatives, however, the disappearance could really mean only a single thing: The family had fled to China, and the agents wanted to track them down.

They figured Kang's mother would know something, and they were determined to beat it out of her. "After the interrogation, my mother's knees were so badly bruised, she couldn't even stand up. They kicked her with boots and whacked her with sticks," says Kang. Her mother died a few months later. "How could they do such a thing to a 61-year-old woman? It made me realize that I had to leave North Korea, too."

A North Korean refugee, seeking asylum at a Japanese consulate in China, is blocked

And that's what Kang did, in a four-year ordeal that had her crossing the border under gunfire, resisting pressure to become a prostitute, accepting a sham marriage to hide from Chinese police, and finally escaping to freedom in South Korea. Parts of her story are hardly unique—indeed, they are disturbingly common—but they also illuminate the horrible reality of North Korea, as well as the dangers North Korean refugees face in China, where the government is committed to rounding them up and returning them to a country whose penal code lists defection as a capital crime.

Nobody knows how many North Koreans have tried to escape from the shackles of Kim Jong Il's totalitarianism, but some estimates put the number of North Korean refugees now hiding in China as high as 300,000. They've fled from a ruthless machine of political terror, and from a failed system of economics that has starved 2 million people to death—out of a population totaling 22 million—and left many more malnourished. Very few of these refugees have made it out of both North Korea *and* China. But those who have escaped have riveting stories to tell, as they bear witness to life and death under what may be the world's most oppressive government and its Chinese ally.

THE GULAG STATE

Kang Kil-Ok is now 32, and lives in Seoul. Her interview with NR, conducted by phone and with a translator, is the first she's given anywhere. Yet even now she can't operate outside the long reach of Kim Jong Il; under North Korea's collectivist philosophy, whole families may be punished for the alleged crimes of individual members. This form of social control stops many North Korean defectors from telling their stories at all, and keeps others from revealing their true identities when they do. "Kang," therefore, is an alias.

"After they tried to make an example of my mother, everything changed. People started keeping their distance. My boyfriend stopped seeing me," says Kang. She worked long hours at a gunpowder plant, lived in a dormitory building, and often lacked food. "I became very depressed." She also learned for certain that her brother had taken his family to China—he sent her a letter that included details on how to contact him if she were to make it out as well. "I couldn't wait any longer. If the government found out that I knew he was in China and hadn't told them, I would be thrown into a prison camp."

This was something to avoid at all costs. The stories from North Korean prison camps, as recounted by the handful of survivors who have managed to escape them, rival the stories from Nazi concentration camps and the Soviet Gulag. One of these survivors, Sun-ok Lee, testified at a congressional hearing last May. She had once run a government supply office in

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North Korea, but was accused of embezzlement and sentenced to prison. The days were full of hard labor, and even the nights brought no relief: "Some 80 to 90 prisoners sleep in a flea-infested chamber about six meters long by five meters wide (about 19 feet by 16 feet). . . . The prison chamber is so congested that sleeping there is itself a torture."

Prisoners charged with additional crimes, such as failing to meet work quotas or not memorizing the president's New Year message, are confined in "punishment cells"—spaces so small it's impossible to stand up or lie down. The cells are so awful, reported Lee, that "it is a day of great fortune if a prisoner finds a rat creeping up from the bottom of the toilet hole. The prisoners catch it with their bare hands and devour it raw, as rats are the only source of meat in the prison." But they have to do their rat feasting on the sly: Getting caught lengthens their sentences.

The testimonies of prison-camp survivors are full of such wretched tales; among the worst are those dealing with pregnant women. Young-Hwa Choi, a North Korean who made it to Seoul last March, recently told a rapt audience at the American Enterprise Institute about a woman she knew in prison. Her friend had fled to China and become pregnant, but then was caught by the police and repatriated to North Korea, which promptly threw her into prison. As she approached her due date, she was taken to a hospital; Choi was allowed to accompany her. Choi tells what happened next: "They put a towel on the face of the baby right after birth, right before the mother. They said, 'Any Chinese seeds have to be eliminated.'"

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The testimonies of prison-camp survivors are full of wretched tales; among the worst are those dealing with pregnant women.

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Sun-ok Lee tells a similar story from her time in prison. She was ordered to a medical room to help with some record-keeping. Six pregnant women were there. "It was horrible to watch the prison doctor kicking the pregnant women with his boots. When a baby was born, the doctor shouted, 'Kill it quickly! How can a criminal in the prison expect to have a baby? Kill it!'" In the presence of the mothers, reports Lee, the babies' necks were squeezed until death came. Other witnesses to infanticide report that prison guards sometimes make the mothers themselves do the killing.

This was the kind of fate Kang dreaded when she learned of her brother's whereabouts in China, so she started to plan an escape. She knew of a local woman familiar with the

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human-trafficking networks that emerged during the famines of the 1990s. The hunger problem has eased slightly, but the exodus has only increased, because people have developed an effective underground railroad into northeast China. Some of its operators are Christian missionaries motivated by humanitarianism; most of the traffickers, however, just want to make money, and the woman Kang contacted was one of these. She agreed to help Kang get across, and Kang agreed to pay the debt with the income she would earn working in China.

And China is where refugees have to go, because North Koreans can't simply walk across the border into South Korea. The DMZ separating the two countries is one of the most militarized places on the planet. Even if all the troops were to leave, the huge number of landmines would make it a perilous crossing. For most North Koreans, then, escape means passage into China across a cold river patrolled by border guards. There are bribes to be paid and eyes to be averted. The Tumen River dividing North Korea and China isn't especially broad or deep and may be waded at many points, but its waters are frigid. As one refugee told Human Rights Watch, "I endured the coldness, even though it was as painful as cutting my flesh with a knife." Many refugees prefer to cross in the winter, when the river freezes.

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For many refugees, getting out of North Korea is the easy part, because China is no safe haven for them.

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That was Kang's plan, and it seemed a good one for the month of December. But the ice was thin, and it cracked beneath her feet. Kang and her companion, the trafficker, splashed into the water. Border guards heard the commotion and started yelling at them to come back. Kang was confused; these men were supposed to have been paid off. "Ignore them," shouted her guide. "Just keep going." Kang pressed on in the cold. Shots rang out, but she continued forward. "Somehow, we made it to the other side," she says.

For many refugees, getting out of North Korea is the easy part, because China is no safe haven for them. Helie Lee, the Korean-American author of the best-selling book *Still Life with Rice*, said in Senate testimony last year that a bribe of about $400 was enough to get nine of her kin past the border guards—but getting them out of China was so perilous that each of them carried enough rat poison to commit suicide. (Lee describes their difficulties in a more recent book, *In the Absence of Sun*.)

The problem is that China wants to prop up North Korea's regime—partly as a check against American power in the region, but also because its collapse would lead to a massive and unwanted migration into China. Everybody who watches the North Korean situation draws parallels between what's happening there right now and what happened in Eastern Europe in the late 1980s, when Czechoslovakia and Hungary opened their borders to East Germans and precipitated the destruction of the Iron Curtain. China wants to avoid this result, and so it hunts down the refugees hiding within its borders and forces them back to North Korea.

HUMAN CARGO

The North Koreans in China stick out the way Mexican peasants do in Phoenix. Their dress is often a giveaway, and so are their physical features—many have dark or blotchy skin from vitamin deficiencies. Few of them speak Chinese, and they must rely on the many Korean-speakers on the Chinese side of the border. (Northeast China is full of ethnic Koreans, and many people have relatives in both countries.) During another famine sparked by the failures of Communism—Mao's "Great Leap Forward," 1958–61—many Chinese actually fled into North Korea, seeking assistance. With migrants flowing the other way, there's a latent sympathy for their plight. There's also plenty of exploitation. Employers know that refugees will work for about half the wages of Chinese nationals. The North Koreans may also be held for ransom, if they have family able to pay for their release. The women are often forced into prostitution, or sold as wives—which is what happened to Kang.

After crossing the river, Kang walked to a Chinese city with her trafficker. She changed clothes and was taken to a house, where a group of ladies welcomed her. They fed her, gave her a room and a bed, and let her have some rest. "Then they pushed me to accept a man—they wanted me to become a whore," says Kang. "I told them that I came to China to look for my brother, not to sell my body." She struck a deal with her keepers: They would give her a day or two to track down her brother and get him to pay for her release. If she failed, she would become a prostitute.

Kang called a phone number her brother had given her, and he told her to stay put. He sent friends, and they assured Kang's guide that she would be paid if they all traveled to a nearby city. She agreed, and the group embarked on a bus. The Chinese had set up a police checkpoint on the way; Kang and her companions fled into the wilderness. Eventually they made it to their destination, and Kang was reunited with her brother, her niece, and her grandmother. But complications arose over payment, and the trafficker threatened to report the family to the Chinese police. "I'm a dead body here or in North Korea," Kang told her. "If you report me, I'll get you, too." The trafficker fled.

It's hard to blame the human-cargo traffickers for wanting to make a little cash. North Korea's economy is moribund, with a landscape full of empty factories and idle trucks. The worst part of the grinding poverty is the hunger. The North Korean government likes to treat the deadly famines of the 1990s as the result of unavoidable natural disasters, but there were problems even before these struck. When the 1992 harvest showed poor results, for instance, the government promoted food rationing and relied on a propaganda program with a belt-tightening message: "Let's Eat Two Meals a Day." Whereas another regime might have started to think about introducing market principles to alleviate the hunger, Kim Jong Il recoiled at the thought. Unlike his father, the "Great Leader" Kim Il Sung, the son almost never speaks in public.

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In 1997, however, a high-level defector smuggled out a copy of a private speech Kim had given to party members. In it, he was critical of peddlers who sprang up on street corners to sell food during this troubled period: "This creates egotism among the people, and the base of the party's class may come to collapse. Then, the party will lose popular support and dissolve. This has been well illustrated by past incidents in Poland and Czechoslovakia."

The vast majority of North Korean refugees don't see themselves on an ideological trek to the West; indeed, many of them grew up on so much propaganda that they distrust South Korea and the U.S. They just want to feed themselves.

Kang wasn't sure what the future would hold for her, but the trafficker's threats and disappearance were a cause for concern. Kang went into hiding with friends of her brother. "For a while, I was sleeping wherever I could. I was moving around a lot," she says. Then, one day, three men carrying shotguns came to where she was staying—and Kang learned that she had been sold to them, unbeknownst to her brother. In rural China, men often buy their wives in what might be called a variant of the traditional shotgun marriage.

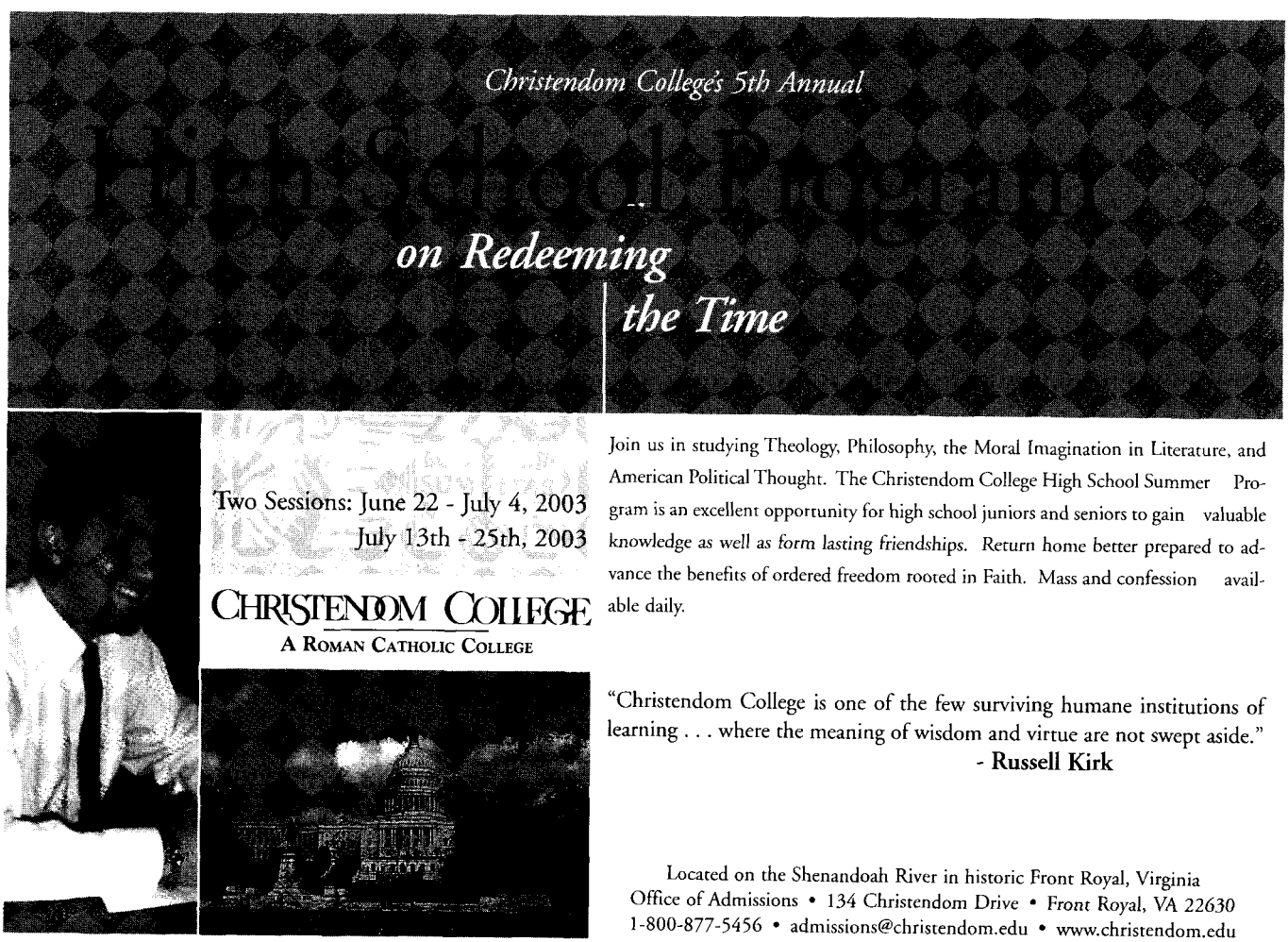
Kang's captors took her and three other North Korean women to a distant city, where two of them were quickly sold. The wife traders celebrated their success that evening, but their festivities came to an abrupt halt when police raided them in the middle of the night. The whole group was carted off for questioning, and for a while it looked as if Kang would be sent back to her homeland. Then one of the policemen bribed his chief. Now he took Kang with him, for the purpose of selling her as a wife. His first attempt failed, when Kang informed a potential groom that she would run away as soon as possible. The policeman beat her for this intransigence and issued more threats about a return to North Korea. Finally, a family matron intervened and promised to find Kang a good husband.

■

The vast majority of North Korean refugees don't see themselves on an ideological trek to the West. They just want to feed themselves.

■

Kang relented, and was soon married to a man she describes as "semi-retarded." She thought it was the only course open to her. "I didn't know what else to do," she says. "It wasn't a real marriage. We had no children, and the whole time I was trying to get back in touch with my brother." For two years, she couldn't find him. Then she learned of people who claimed to know where he was—and promised to reveal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his location if only she would meet with them. She didn't trust them, however, and waited another year before contacting them again. This time, they provided her with information, after she promised to compensate them later on. What they gave her was a phone number in South Korea—her brother had made it out.

A HOME IN THE SOUTH?

He was one of the lucky ones. Most North Korean refugees live in constant fear of discovery, knowing that they could spend the rest of their days as slave laborers. If they've associated with missionaries, human-rights activists, reporters, or South Koreans during their time in China, they are virtually guaranteed harsh treatment upon repatriation. Even those who leave northeast China and blend into the general Chinese population have trouble leaving the country; the borders to Mongolia, Thailand, and Vietnam are sealed, and the journeys of many North Korean refugees have ended within sight of these lands.

Last spring, several dozen refugees took to storming embassies and other diplomatic buildings in China, with mixed success. An incident in May at the Japanese consulate in Shenyang produced the most heartrending image to come out of the North Korean refugee experience: a two-year-old girl, wearing a pink-and-white dress and pigtails, sobs madly as two Chinese police officers wrestle her mother to the ground before the consulate gates. If the picture hadn't been taken, Kim Han Mee and her mother, Lee Seong Hee, would almost certainly be back in North Korea today, and perhaps not even alive. Today they're in South Korea, and so are about 1,200 other North Korean refugees who jumped into embassies or crossed borders in the past year—more in the last twelve months than in the previous half-century.

Kang had it easy, as these things go. Her brother sent about $10,000 to a refugee broker in China, who forged a set of documents, arranged a few bribes, and bought Kang a plane ticket to Seoul. She arrived in South Korea in June 2001.

South Korea's constitution says that North Koreans are automatically citizens, and in theory it should never turn away a North Korean seeking protection. Despite this, the country has been wary of accepting many North Koreans, worrying that Pyongyang might take advantage of its openness by sending spies and saboteurs. In the wake of the growing refugee crisis, however, South Koreans are more likely to fear the chaos and instability that would follow a political implosion north of the DMZ. Many would rather have North Korea's 600 Scud missiles pointed at them than face a new and different threat: the economic turmoil of assimilating millions of people now living in barbaric squalor. Today, defectors each receive about $28,000 to help with the transition. But there are only a few of them, and there's no pain-free way to extend such generosity to millions. The recent presidential election victory of Roh Moo Hyun, an outspoken anti-American politician who preaches détente with the North, was made possible by a younger generation of voters concerned more about their pocketbooks than about the North and its refugees.

Kang, for her part, is just glad to be somewhere else. "I know what freedom feels like here," she says. **NR**

■ NORTH KOREA III ■

Checking Kim

The awful question of what to do

ADAM GARFINKLE

THE Bush administration is not being apocalyptic over North Korea—but that doesn't indicate a lack of seriousness on the subject. This is not the Clinton administration, after all; *these* guys know how to think strategically, how not to leak, and how to focus their foreign-policy activity on something other than the frenzied daily news cycle. What, then, are they thinking?

Administration principals seem to be starting from four core assumptions. The first is that the North Korean regime seeks a crisis atmosphere, the better to extort lucre from feckless (or clueless) South Koreans and Japanese, and to divide the U.S. from these two traditional allies. Second, Pyongyang wishes to turn what is and ought to be managed as a regional problem into a bilateral U.S.-North Korean affair. They wish this because only the U.S. can supply what the North Korean regime most wants: a guarantee against the twin nightmare of becoming East Germany and the Ceausescu family. Third, while the evidence is imperfect, it is prudent to assume that North Korea has two nuclear devices that can be delivered against both South Korean and Japanese targets. Fourth, the North Korean rulers are exactly who they say they are: Communists. This means—or have we already forgotten?—that they can be trusted to lie and deceive as required, and not care particularly about the welfare of their citizenry.

Certain policy implications flow from these assumptions. From the first two comes the U.S. determination not to let North Korea define the terms of the present tension. This, plus the need to wait for the results of the recent South Korean election, fully explains the administration's restrained rhetoric. There is no need to invoke Iraq, or the administration's supposed obtuseness, or presumed internal divisions, or anything else to account for it; to do so violates Occam's Razor in spades.

From the third assumption flows the conclusion that the U.S. does not have any military option worth the risks of implementation. (Whether it was wise to say this out loud is another matter.) This does *not* mean, as some commentators have assumed, that the administration sees no differences between a North Korea stalled at two weapons and an active proliferation effort aimed at many more warheads and fissile exports. Nor does it mean that the administration is being inconsistent in the application of a preemption policy. Nor does it mean that the administration thinks that Iraq is more dangerous than North Korea, as if such judgments can even be made devoid of context. All such accusations miss the most basic point: *that a rogue state's passing the nuclear threshold is a big deal.* It dramatically raises the

Mr. Garfinkle is editor of *The National Interest.*

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stakes even as it constrains U.S. options. The example of North Korea thus makes the case for stopping Iraqi nuclearization *stronger*, lest we suddenly find ourselves with the paucity of options in the Persian Gulf that we now face in Korea.

From the fourth assumption comes the conclusion that even if the North Koreans were once again to swear off nuclear weapons in return for a U.S. pledge of non-aggression and normal relations, they could be trusted not to keep their word.

There are, however, two other basic points to remember. The first is that the North Koreans want a larger, more fearsome nuclear-weapons arsenal and will falsely promise anything to get it. They understood the advice of that Indian general at the end of the Gulf War, when he summed up its basic lesson as follows: Don't tangle with the Americans unless you have nuclear weapons. This means, in turn, that standard diplomacy of the sort that produced the 1994 deal with North Korea cannot stop North Korean proliferation (and never could). At best it can slow it down, as the North Koreans tend to the episodic international shakedowns required to keep their country from imploding.

The second point is that the U.S. has no business recognizing the sovereignty of North Korea, an illegitimate Communist government utterly indifferent to the welfare of its own people. The longer we pretend that the North Korean regime can ultimately be conciliated or reformed, the longer its people will starve and suffer.

NO NORMAL DIPLOMACY

The U.S. finds itself in an unenviable situation: one in which it has no military options, yet normal diplomacy is futile. Diplomacy of the sort being pressed upon the U.S. by South Korea amounts to paying North Koreans for acting temporarily less scary until the next occasion for extortion. I have argued that the only way to solve the problem is to transcend it: to think not like a diplomat, who is paid to manage, but like a statesman, who is paid to transform basic circumstances. I proposed last October that the major powers—the U.S., Japan, Russia, and China—unite to condition aid to North Korea in such a way as ultimately to undermine North Korean sovereignty. This proposal stood at least a chance of getting at the real source of the problem, which is the nature of the North Korean regime; and it could provide benefits to all the major powers that they could not otherwise achieve for themselves. I also acknowledged its drawbacks: that North Korea would not easily allow itself to be managed into oblivion and might lash out (which might happen anyway); and that the degree of cooperation we required, especially from China, might not be forthcoming.

China has in fact proved recalcitrant, but not irremediably so. Indeed, the Chinese seem to appreciate the gravity of the present situation, and may still be prepared to cooperate with the U.S. if we persist in our efforts. The reason is that the Chinese may ultimately put their own national interest above

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habit. The key Chinese interest is that Korea not be nuclearized, because that presupposes a nuclear Japan. China also prefers, however, for perfectly understandable *Realpolitik* reasons, that Korea not be unified. China has been a free rider on U.S. policy and power for years to achieve both of these interests, and has never been forced to choose between the two. Now that choice is looming: China's reliance on U.S. policy to prevent the nuclearization of the Korean peninsula is proving ill-founded. Meanwhile, as a result of North Korean proliferation, the U.S. has an interest in bringing about a unified non-nuclear Korea in which some redefined U.S. military presence underwrites the peninsula's non-nuclear status. If forced to choose between a) a nuclear North Korea and b) a unified Korea under Seoul's aegis whose non-nuclear status is underwritten by the U.S., China would be slightly crazy not to choose the latter. But it will not so choose until the choice becomes inevitable.

■

Unless one assumes that North Korea can be reformed successfully, waiting will only make things worse from the Chinese perspective.

■

A secondary Chinese interest, often cited, is Beijing's fear of chaos on its border. But unless one assumes that North Korea can be reformed successfully, a proposition for which there is no evidence, waiting will only make things worse from the Chinese perspective. The more time the North Korean regime has both to fail and to build nuclear weapons, the more likely its eventual collapse will be maximally calamitous. China's policy today amounts to propping up an influence-resistant and disaster-prone regime—seething with refugees ready to pour across the Chinese border by the hundreds of thousands. Concert with the U.S., Japan, and Russia, on the other hand, would give China far more influence over what may happen in North Korea, and help to manage it. If the Chinese leadership sees its choices for what they really are, why would it choose a course of minimal influence and maximum ultimate peril?

SENDING OUT FOR CHINESE

And so we come to thoughts the administration may or may not have allowed itself to think, about how the U.S. can achieve the cooperation it needs to solve the North Korean problem. In other words, how can we bring other powers, particularly China, to the point of serious decisions that will lead them to join with the United States?

Charles Krauthammer recently suggested using the "Japan card" for this purpose—in other words, telling the Chinese that their failure to help us isolate North Korea would make the U.S. receptive to Japanese nuclear-weapons development. The U.S. need not say a word to Beijing about this, however; the Chinese understand the stakes better than we do. Besides, we have a far more dramatic option—the explanation of which requires a brief preface.

It made sense for the U.S. to risk war on the Korean peninsula between 1953 and the end of the Cold War, for Korea was bound up in a larger struggle. We could not opt out of any major theater in that struggle without the risk of losing all. But it no longer makes sense to run such risks. What larger stakes since 1991 have justified the costs and dangers of keeping 37,000 U.S. troops in South Korea, the overburdening of the U.S.-South Korean relationship, and the tensions caused to the U.S.-Japanese alliance? None that is readily apparent in the cold light of U.S. interests.

The division of Korea puts U.S. interests at risk more than it does those of any other major regional power (*we* have troops there; *we*—not China or Russia or Japan—face directly a nuclearizing adversary), and for the sake of the lowest stakes. Think about what the U.S. might suffer if war broke out in Korea, and about what we would gain from its *not* breaking out. We would suffer thousands of dead GIs, the probable ascription of responsibility for the razing of Seoul (and maybe Tokyo), and maybe accidental conflict with China. What do we gain from the status quo? Perpetual diplomatic heartburn with Japan and others, and the privilege of fruitlessly negotiating with Pyongyang.

In short, the end of the Cold War dramatically changed the balance of risks and rewards in U.S. Korea policy, and should have led us to adjust our stance. But U.S. policymakers conducted business as usual, only responding to North Korean threats and never themselves taking the lead to solve the underlying problem. We should have managed the transition to South Korea's responsibility for its own security, while at the same time joining with other regional powers to limit North Korea's trouble-making potential. Had we started early enough, before North Korea had nukes, we would have had far more robust military options to enforce a muscular diplomacy than we do today.

Better late than never, however; we still need to rethink the Korea problem down to its roots. When we do, we immediately see our other option: Announce our intention to withdraw all U.S. military forces from Korea. Lots of South Koreans would be delighted. More important, such an announcement would force China and the other parties to the problem to face reality.

South Koreans, having to defend themselves, will either see the illusions of their own policy or suffer the consequences of maintaining it. But it's *their* country, and, frankly, their potential misfortune no longer matters to us as much as it did during the Cold War.

If North Korea becomes a six-or-more-weapon nuclear power, we will be far away, with deterrence reasonably intact, and with a decent if imperfect ability to prevent North Korea from exporting fissile materials and missiles. China, however, cannot relocate. If we profess an intention to leave, Beijing will then have to choose between a nuclear North Korea and Japan (and maybe South Korea, too) on its doorstep, or joining with the U.S. and others to manage the containment, and ultimately the withering away, of the North Korean state. Until it is faced with such a choice, Beijing will temporize and try to fob off the problem on Washington, hoping as before to free-ride on us for an outcome that benefits China more than it benefits the U.S. That's reality, and the Chinese need to face it. We can help them do so.

NR

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Abortion Now

Thirty years after *Roe*, a daunting landscape

RAMESH PONNURU

It is a lucky thing that most pro-lifers profess a religion that forbids despair. It is, of course, possible to be pro-life without being religious (and vice-versa). It is even possible for unbelievers to oppose abortion for the same reasons that impel religious pro-lifers: because the state has a duty to bar the private use of deadly force against human beings, and that's what abortion is. But the purely secular pro-lifer does not have the consolation of believing in an infinitely just, merciful, and loving God.

It is a consolation much needed as *Roe* v. *Wade* nears its thirtieth anniversary. If you do not consider abortion a grave injustice, consider what the world looks like to those of us who do. More than 40 million unborn lives have been snuffed out—which implies that something like a third of American women have had their sons or daughters killed. A quarter of unborn children die this way.

The most respected political institution in the land, the Supreme Court, says that all this killing is protected by the Constitution. So in the event you persuaded your fellow citizens and elected representatives to do something about the death toll, it wouldn't matter. The courts would just unleash the abortionists again, and lecture you to accept the judicial resolution of the issue. Even peaceful protest outside the places these killings occur is uniquely circumscribed.

Many people agree with you that abortion is wrong. But most people, whatever their view of abortion, do not want to hear a word about the subject. Most people, whatever their view of abortion, regard people like you as fanatics.

UPS AND DOWNS

Ten years ago was the nadir of the movement. The abortion rate had kept climbing: In 1990, 1.6 million abortions were committed. Public opinion kept moving left. By June 1992, Gallup estimated that 34 percent of the public believed that abortion should be legal in all cases. That same month, the Supreme Court reaffirmed *Roe*, albeit with qualifications, in *Casey* v. *Planned Parenthood*. It did so, moreover, at the direction of three Republican appointees whom many pro-lifers had supported in the hope they would overturn *Roe*.

Later that year, the most pro-abortion president since *Roe* was elected. On his first day in office—the same weekend as the twentieth anniversary of *Roe*—he issued a series of executive orders liberalizing abortion law. It was widely suggested that he had been elected in part because the public supported legal abortion, and that Republicans would have to come around if they were ever to win the White House again.

But the early 1990s turn out to have been high tide for "abortion rights." The annual number of abortions peaked in 1990. Fewer doctors are performing abortions, and fewer medical students want to learn how to perform them. Surveys attribute this reluctance more to moral qualms than to fear of anti-abortion violence or protest.

Even at the peak, most Americans disappointed pro-abortion ideologues by persisting in seeing abortion as a tragedy rather than a routine medical procedure. Parents do not dream of one day telling people about "my son the abortionist." Few men brag about pressuring their girlfriends or wives into having abortions. Unease about abortion is so widespread that the politicians most committed to keeping it legal rarely use the word, preferring to talk about "choice." Abortion is the right that dare not speak its name.

The unease has only grown. Since 1995, the polls have been moving in the pro-life direction. Almost as many

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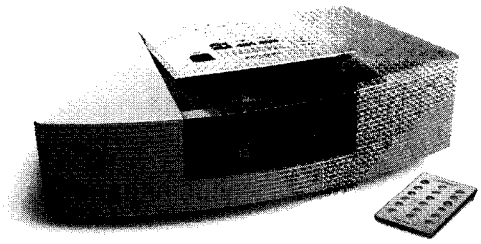

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Americans now call themselves "pro-life" as "pro-choice." The numbers appear to have been driven by the debate over partial-birth abortion—a debate in which, for the first time, it was the pro-choicers who looked like extremists to middle-ground Americans. Most Americans still think that abortion should be legal when a pregnancy results from rape or incest, or threatens the life or physical health of the mother. But a majority would ban most abortions. Only a quarter of the population now believes abortion should be legal in all cases.

Even at the high tide of pro-choice sentiment, there was never much evidence that opposition to abortion was politically dangerous. Exit polls have always shown that pro-lifers are more willing to vote on abortion than pro-choicers are, and that pro-life candidates therefore have a substantial advantage. That Republicans can win while opposing abortion is now even clearer. For the first time since *Roe* was decided, the president, the Senate leadership, and the House leadership are all pro-life. Two months ago, pro-life Republicans won four hotly contested Senate seats—in Georgia, Minnesota, Missouri, and North Carolina—partly on the abortion issue. On this thirtieth anniversary of *Roe*, morale among pro-lifers is high.

■

For the first time since Roe was decided, the president, the Senate leadership, and the House leadership are all pro-life.

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The pro-choice side continues to hold the political high ground in one very important sense: It's the party of the status quo. That makes it easy to portray the pro-lifers as the aggressors, when what the public most wants on abortion is peace and quiet. This perhaps explains why Democratic senators are happy to grill Republican judicial nominees on whether they support *Roe*, while Republicans hardly uttered a peep about the Clinton administration's explicit pro-*Roe* litmus test for its nominees. In his confirmation hearings, attorney general John Ashcroft, following White House instructions, said that he "accept[s] *Roe* and *Casey* as the settled law of the land": "The Supreme Court's decisions on this have been multiple, they have been recent, and they have been emphatic."

That was a substantial concession. But it was also an exception for Bush, who has surprised and gratified pro-lifers with his constancy. Many congressional Republicans were ready to abandon pro-lifers by supporting federal funding for research on "surplus" embryos from fertility clinics. Bush came out against such funding. He also called for an outright ban on the cloning of human embryos, even though many scientists want to be able to do research using (and in the process destroying) these embryos.

President Bush cut off government funding for international organizations that commit abortion or advocate it. He signed a bill clarifying that the child who somehow survives an abortion is entitled to legal protection. This year, Bush is expected to seek a bill to ban partial-birth abortions. Should there be a vacancy on the Supreme Court, no doubt he will nominate someone whose judicial philosophy could be expected to please pro-lifers. (The alternative would be to throw away his hard-won credibility in an instant.)

Pro-lifers should push for more. The law on survivors of abortion ought to be toughened. Breaking it should entail penalties, including the withdrawal of federal funds from hospitals. Pro-lifers should move, as well, to ban all elective abortions past, say, the twentieth week of pregnancy. They need to do political work outside Washington, too, especially seeking new recruits among blacks and Hispanics who oppose abortion.

ASPECTS OF A DEBATE

Busy as the pro-life movement is with its traditional work of combating abortion, it is also having to fight new battles. In the last two years, the issue of research on human embryos has suddenly moved to the forefront of pro-life concerns. The public's initial reaction to cloning embryos, as measured in polls, has been opposition. But that opposition has to be mobilized now if it is not to dissipate as cloning comes to be seen as normal.

The embryo-research debate simultaneously is, and isn't, the same as the abortion debate. In both cases, pro-lifers are acting to vindicate the same principle: that human beings, from the moment they come into being as distinct organisms, have a right not to be killed. Supporters of the research, meanwhile, have sometimes suggested that a society that allows abortion has no principled basis for forbidding it. Both sides in the embryo-research debate, however, have taken pains to separate it from abortion.

A woman's rights over "her own body" cannot be asserted here, and people who want the research to be legal do not claim to be "personally opposed" to it. As such, the debate has turned, more than the abortion debate, on the moral claims of the embryo. Many research supporters say that human embryos deserve "respect," but that this respect cannot be made so absolute as to preclude their intentional destruction for good ends. One gathers that respect for human embryos would instead be manifested in discussions of the importance of having respect for them.

Whatever the rhetoric employed to advance it, the argument for going ahead with the research rests on the premise that merely belonging to the human species does not confer a right not to be killed. This also, ultimately, has to be the argument for a "right" to abortion (although other, prudential arguments could be made against legal prohibitions). On this view, human beings are not intrinsically worthy of protection. If particular human beings may be worth protecting, it is on the basis of accidental qualities they may have: sentience, independence, rootedness in a community, size, or what have you.

The trouble for people wishing to defend these propositions is that these qualities come in degrees. That means, first, that there is no non-arbitrary point at which to start granting protection: How old must a person be, how well must his mind function, for him to enjoy a right to life?

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Second, on this account there is no basis for asserting an equality of rights among people with different levels of the particular quality held to be crucial—as Lincoln observed in another context. *Roe* is undemocratic not merely in a procedural sense.

Some contemporary philosophers, most notoriously Peter Singer, have grasped the difficulty of containing the principle behind abortion and embryo research. They concede that the argument for abortion is also the argument for outright infanticide. This is not a reason to prohibit abortion, they say, but rather to reconsider infanticide. American law has not yet achieved this dreadful consistency. But it is moving closer.

The true radicalism of *Roe* is still not sufficiently appreciated. Many educated people believe that *Roe* legalized abortion only in the first trimester, allowing it to be restricted in the second and banned in the third. In fact, *Doe* v. *Bolton*, handed down the same day as *Roe*, took back those apparent concessions. Abortions had to be allowed at all stages of pregnancy whenever continued pregnancy was said to jeopardize a woman's "physical, emotional, psychological, [or] familial" health.

It has often been said that the Court's error was to fast-forward a process of liberalization that was already taking place democratically. That's not true either. Before *Roe*, a few states had substantially weakened protections for the unborn. But the movement for liberalization then stalled, with many more states voting it down in legislatures and in referenda. Justice Blackmun, the author of *Roe*, tried to downplay its radicalism by depicting it as consistent with American history. Much of the opinion is dedicated to demonstrating that American law never sought to protect the unborn. The shoddy historical work on which he relied has since been thoroughly discredited.

The truth is that *Roe* was a breathtaking power grab by the Supreme Court, allowing abortion at any stage of pregnancy, nullifying laws in all fifty states, and going far beyond anything contemplated by public opinion before or since. Not even law professors who favor constitutional protection for abortion believe that *Roe* was well reasoned. Indeed, an academic cottage industry has spent thirty years trying to devise better constitutional foundations for *Roe*'s result. (What this effort has lacked in plausibility, it has made up for in determination.)

RELENTLESS LOGIC

Contrary to John Ashcroft, the Court's abortion jurisprudence is not settled law, either. The latest abortion decision, issued the year before Ashcroft spoke, kept partial-birth abortion free from state bans. It was a 5–4 split in which the principal authors of *Casey* disagreed with some bitterness about *Casey*'s meaning. *Casey* itself reworked *Roe* in significant ways, and hinted that a majority of the Court thought that *Roe* was a mistake.

But it is a mistake from which the Court is unwilling to retreat. The lack of a settlement in abortion law—the fact that *Roe* has exposed the Court to decades of intellectual ridicule and political resistance—seems to be experienced by the Court as a scandal. When the Court reaffirmed "abortion rights" in *Casey*, it cited the need for stability in law, which is a real virtue. But it also said that to admit error and reverse itself on *Roe* would be to undermine its own power unacceptably.

When they struck down state bans on partial-birth abortion, the federal courts showed just how far they were willing to go to protect their abortion jurisprudence. One federal judge noted that such bans were enacted in order to set a firm barrier against infanticide—and that, he implied, was not possible legally. Another disputed the characterization of a baby partly out of the birth canal as partly born: "A woman seeking an abortion is plainly not seeking to give birth." The baby, whatever the stage of pregnancy, counts for nothing independent of the mother's desires.

■

This is an important moment for pro-lifers: They have new opportunities in Washington. They can save some unborn children.

■

When the Supreme Court followed these judges' example, it put a lot of weight on the mother's health. But the Court wasn't saying merely that a woman has a right to a partial-birth abortion when it is the safest way of dealing with a threat to her health: It said that a woman in the eighth month of pregnancy who wants her baby dead, whatever her reason, has a right to have that baby killed in whatever way is safest to her. What if the safest way is to deliver the baby, fully, and then kill it? Yet another federal judge had asked what difference it made, from the perspective of the fetus, whether part of its body were outside the birth canal when his skull was punctured and his brain sucked out. What difference would it make if his whole body had been delivered? The Born-Alive Act signed into law last year was written to prevent this next logical step from being taken. But it is not yet clear what effect that act will have.

When pro-lifers began their campaign against partial-birth abortion, they knew that they ran the risk of legitimizing infanticide rather than delegitimizing abortion. In the courts and in the academy, that danger may be coming to pass. This is thus as important a moment for pro-lifers as any in the last thirty years. They have new opportunities in Washington. If they succeed in banning cloning, they can establish the principle that human beings have a right to life regardless of their age, size, wantedness, location, stage of development, or condition of dependency. They can save some unborn children, as even fairly modest state laws appear to have done.

What happens if they lose? The idea that widespread infanticide could ever come to America is, of course, crazy. Babies are cute, they cannot be mistaken for globs of cells, and there is a natural human instinct to protect them. Other cultures may not have treated them so tenderly, to be sure. But that could never happen here. We're nice people. **NR**

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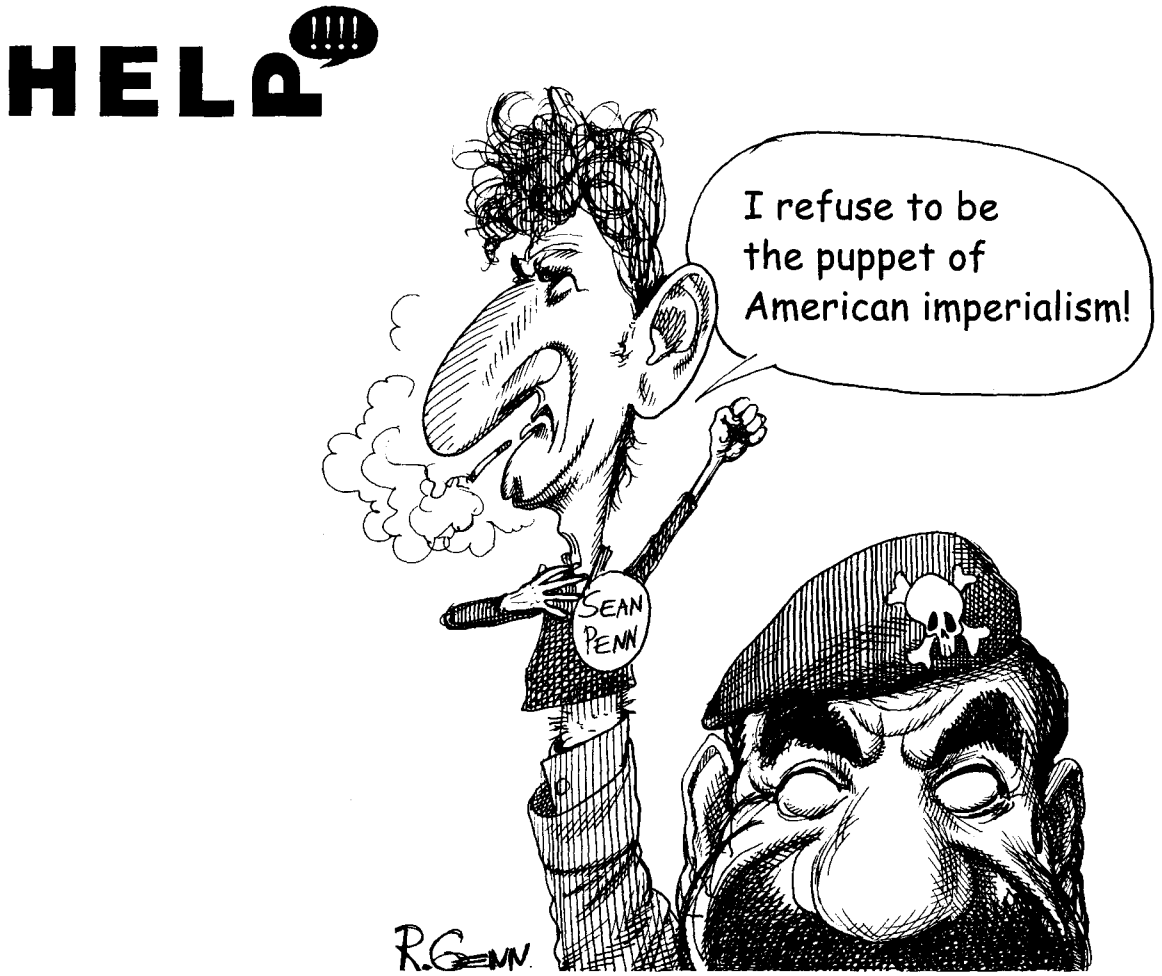

"The first thing is for you to completely detach yourself from reality, so I want you to go home and watch television for six months."

WARMED-OVER GORE

John Edwards likes "regular people";
Irregulars aren't in the speech—
They're thought to have villas embracing
A golf course and half of the beach.
The "regular" bit's a replacement
For "working," which tended to grate
When Gore over-used the locution
And working-class Joes threw a plate.

—W. H. VON DREELE

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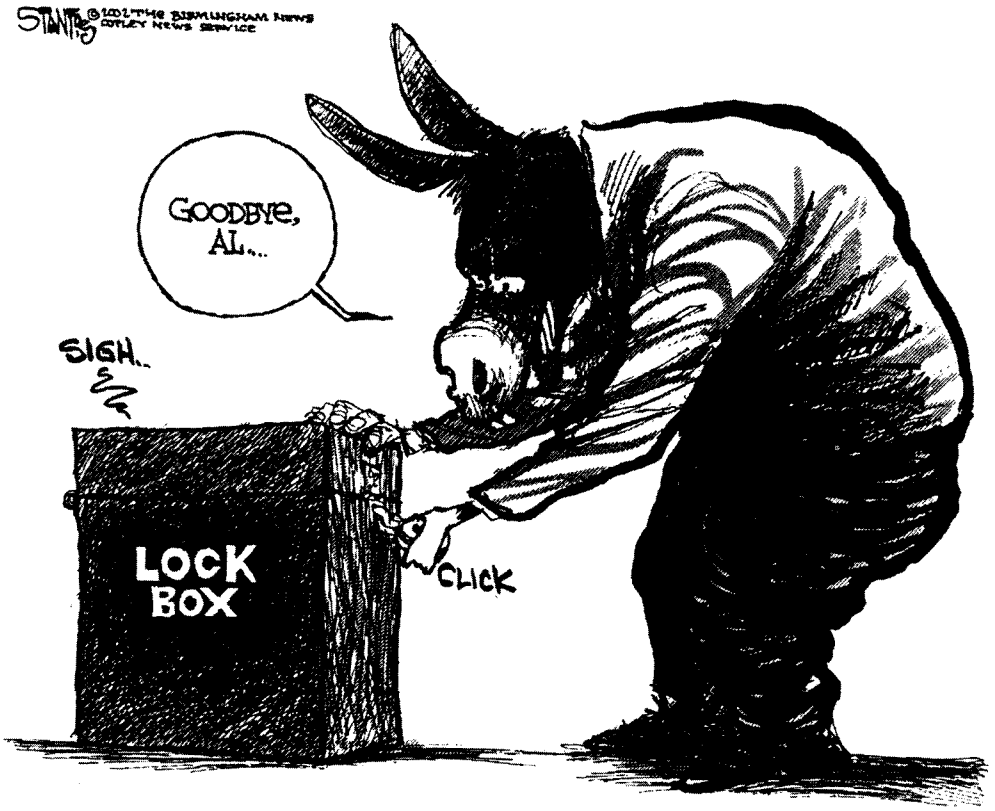

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THE LONG VIEW

By Rob Long

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CALLER #1: "Hello? Am I on?"
HOST: "You're on the air, sir."
CALLER #1: "Sir? Why the instant reverse patriarchy?"
HOST: "I'm sorry."
CALLER #1: "Sorry? Sorry? I'm marginalized and you're *sorry*? How dare you!"
HOST: "Um . . . do you have a topic?"
CALLER #1: "Shame on you! Shame! Shame!"
HOST: "Sir, we have a lot of calls lined up . . ."
CALLER #1: "I'm being *silenced*? I'm being *censored*? This is *liberal* talk radio? It might as well be Limbaugh, for all the reflexive crypto-patriarchist economic terrorism I keep hearing from you. Calls lined up! *Calls lined up!* What are you, some tool of big media? Rupert Murdoch's lapdog? Shame! *Shame!*"
HOST: "Sir . . ."
CALLER #1: "It's ma'am, actually."
HOST: "Oh. Sorry. I guess it was the deep voice and the—"
CALLER #1: "I don't have to take this."

HOST: "Hi, you're on with Evan Henderson-Kramer, Ph.D. The Liberal Voice of AM radio. Your voice is being heard and celebrated. What's your topic?"
CALLER #2: "Hi, Dr. Henderson-Kramer. I want to add my voice to the growing chorus of voices now emerging. As a Christian, I must say that I am deeply troubled and concerned by the so-called Christian Right and their erroneous and limited interpretation of the Christian Scripture that I hold sacred."
HOST: "That's a great topic, caller, and I want to get into it after this short commercial break. We have to make a little money here, I'm sure you understand."
CALLER #2: "Excuse me? You're 'sure' I'll understand? Meaning what?"
HOST: "Um . . . just that I'm sure you understand that this is commercial radio and—"
CALLER #2: "So according to you, it's obvious that I'm all about money. Is that an anti-Semitic comment?"
HOST: "But you're not Jewish."
CALLER #2: "Is *that* an anti-Semitic comment?"
HOST: "No, I just—"
CALLER #2: "My God! The first caller was right! This isn't liberal talk radio! This is the same narrow hate-filled nonsense we hear on Fox! You're a bigot! A bigot and a homophobe!"
HOST: "I'm sorry. Really. I didn't even know that you were gay."
CALLER #2: "I have to be *gay* for you to treat me homophobically? So closed-minded! So insensitive! For your information—not that it's relevant to my views, by the way—but for your information I am not gay. I am just extremely, extremely effeminate. Which allows me to experience homophobia from the perspective of the heterosexual victim."
HOST: "You're a heterosexual victim of homophobia?"
CALLER #2: "Yes. Because I'm so effeminate. My delicate features and porcelain skin and refined dedication to the arts have often made me the object of homophobic attacks."
HOST: "That's very interesting. I'd like to discuss this some more after the break."
CALLER #2: "Forget it, girlfriend. Talk to the hand."

HOST: "Hi, you're on with Evan Henderson-Kramer, Ph.D. The Liberal Voice of AM radio. Your voice is being heard and celebrated. What's your topic?"
CALLER #3: "Hi. I just want to discuss why the so-called Bush so-called administration is willing to break international law by invading Iraq. And I just want to add my voice to the roar of other voices denouncing American imperialist militarism under any circumstances. Peace is the answer. Thank you."
HOST: "Powerful words, caller."
CALLER #3: "Well, I feel strongly about this."
HOST: "Good for you."
CALLER #3: "Also, shouldn't we be going after North Korea first?"
HOST: "Um . . . well, if you're against American militarism—"
CALLER #3: "Yeah, but those guys are crazy. I say take 'em out!"

HOST: "Hi, you're on with Evan Henderson-Kramer, Ph.D. The Liberal Voice of AM radio. Your voice is being heard and celebrated. What's your topic?"
CALLER #4: "My topic is this: If the so-called Bush so-called administration was really interested in quote-unquote fighting a so-called war on quote terrorism unquote, then wouldn't the first place they'd look to create the illusion of pseudo-waging a phony so-called war be the inaccurately named Korean non-peninsula?"
HOST: "Not following you."
CALLER #4: "That's because you're not thinking critically about the image-laden manipulations that the dominant for-profit media are presenting under the pseudo false guise of so-called fake news, which is actually a reverse-principle in action, as we saw in Florida during the inaccurately named false non-presidential counter-election debacle. And the whole Trent Lott thing. You don't think these things are connected?"
HOST: "Still not following you."
CALLER #4: "It's all about oil, man! C'mon! You think the pseudo-hiring and fake un-firing of Paul O'Neill wasn't a disconnect to the whole prevailing hegemony of the quote democratic unquote set of non-principles? Are you naïve? Are you living in a *cave*? The media and the non-Bush non-administration—which is all it is, as far as I'm concerned—create a fog of non-dis-pseudo information designed to create a false sense of anti-security as a means to undermine our reverse sense of fake small 'r' republican values. What about that isn't clear?"
HOST: "Um . . . all of it."
CALLER #4: "Then let me break it down for you. The Jews are trying to take over the world."

HOST: "Hi, you're on with Evan Henderson-Kramer, Ph.D. The Liberal Voice of AM radio. Your voice is being heard and celebrated. What's your topic?"

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Books, Arts & Manners

Jesus, Jews, and the Shoah

MARK RIEBLING

A Moral Reckoning: The Role of the Catholic Church in the Holocaust and Its Unfulfilled Duty of Repair, by Daniel Jonah Goldhagen (Knopf, 352 pp., $25)

I BEGAN this book as an admirer of its author. Goldhagen's 1996 work, *Hitler's Willing Executioners: Ordinary Germans and the Holocaust*, forcefully rejected the leftist paradigms that had come to dominate study of the worst event in human history. Where other historians posited exculpatory social structures, collectivities, or "irresistible forces," Goldhagen presented Germans as individual moral agents, as thinking and choosing beings. From this first effort, it was clear that Goldhagen had one of those rare minds that, across labyrinths of sophistry, and through mazes of irrelevant facts, could cut right to the point.

In one area, it is true, that earlier work was marred by some dubious speculation. "European anti-Semitism," Goldhagen wrote, was "a corollary of Christianity": Because Jews rejected the revelation of Jesus, they challenged Christians' certitude in that revelation. Doctrinal Christianity was shaped by that early challenge and, over the centuries, warped by it. Such a thesis, even if true, would be difficult to prove; but to

Mr. Riebling, author of *Wedge: From Pearl Harbor to 9/11: How the Secret War Between the FBI and CIA Has Endangered National Security*, is writing a book about the Vatican's role in conspiracies to kill Adolf Hitler.

Bettmann/Corbis

Pope Pius XII

his credit, Goldhagen sharply differentiated Christian from Nazi attitudes. The *Volkisch* worldview, he stressed, "contradicted and did not admit the Christian one that had held sway for centuries." That firm and clear distinction—and the book's overwhelming focus on German secular racism—ensured that *Hitler's Willing Executioners* was far from a bigoted attack on Christianity per se.

In the afterword to the paperback edition of that book, however, signs of a "Goldhagen Problem" emerged. In the U.S. he was attacked by venerable Holocaust scholars, whose works he had eviscerated; but in a tour of Germany, where the book became a bestseller, Goldhagen was hailed as the scholarly equivalent of a rock star. His self-celebratory account of that "huge success"; his gloating reminders of the "frequent and vigorous" applause bestowed by "large audiences"; his inability to refrain from noting that German newspapers hailed his visit as a *Triumphzug* (triumphal procession)—these would have been turned, by any writer with a modicum of self-consciousness, to the purpose of some humbling and endearing ethos. But in the afterword to *Hitler's Willing Executioners*, that shoe never dropped; and in *A Moral Reckoning* that same self-righteousness, now cancerously advanced, ruins what should have been a sober and important work, in a field where one is greatly needed.

A Moral Reckoning is, among its other faults, a 352-page exercise in intellectual bad manners. Reading it is like listening for three days to Nikita Khrushchev banging his shoe. Goldhagen's sour, jut-lipped attitude is apparent even in the introduction, where—in a single two-page stretch—he preemptively deems his critics "philosophically bizarre," "strange," "odd," and "silly" (this last word he uses repeatedly). His own views, of course, are "obvious," "overwhelming," or, most typically, "facts."

That Goldhagen should have written this book with attitude need not have been fatal. Many good writers, from Montaigne to Mencken, have been impolitic, colicky, or sassy. But Goldhagen's smug and disrespectful stance does not inspire confidence that he will turn each issue carefully, catching all sides of it in reason's light. That he should attempt to do so is vital; for, as he himself allows, "some of the evidence can be read in multiple ways."

The book begins with an attack on the World War II-era Pope, Pius XII, originally written for *The New Republic* under the taunting title, "What Would Jesus Have Done?" Goldhagen does not actually answer that question, but he does imply that a wartime Jesus would have done more than Pius, who "was serving . . . the closest human analogue to the Antichrist, Hitler," and who "tacitly and sometimes materially aided in mass murder." As other critics do, Goldhagen alleges that Pius was silent on the fate of the Jews. During the Holocaust, Pius "chose again and again not to mention the Jews publicly. . . . [In] public statements by Pius XII . . .

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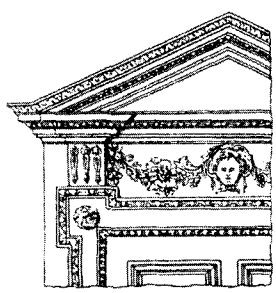
any mention of the Jews is conspicuously absent."

In fact, Pius used the word "Jew" in his very first encyclical, *Summi Pontificatus*. There he insisted that all human beings be treated charitably—for, as Paul had written to the Colossians, in God's eyes "there is neither Gentile nor Jew." In saying this, the Pope affirmed that Jews were full members of the human community—which, in *Hitler's Willing Executioners*, had been Goldhagen's own criterion for establishing "*dissent from* the anti-Semitic creed" [emphasis added].

That Goldhagen gets Pius wrong is perhaps due to his near-total reliance, in the treatment of the wartime period, on secondary sources hostile to the Catholic Church. The biased and arguable interpretations in these works are gulped down whole. Since an exhaustive listing of Goldhagen's derived misreadings has already been published by Ronald J. Rychlak (in *First Things*, June/July 2002), it seems best to draw over this unfortunate section the curtain of oblivion. More interesting by far is Goldhagen's implication that it was Jesus, as portrayed in the Gospels, who made the Holocaust possible.

It would be futile, of course, to deny that the Nazis built a vast mass of evil on a vast mass of prejudice. It would be equally futile to deny that strong prejudices against the Jews existed among Christians during the centuries before the Shoah. Since, moreover, the childhood of the European nations was passed under the tutelage of the clergy, we should not be surprised that these prejudices were, in part, ecclesiastically inculcated.



That this general anti-Judaism contributed to a moral climate in which Europeans became willing executioners of Jews has been argued by some, beginning with Jules Isaac in 1948. But, in the main, these critics stopped short of blaming Christianity for the Holocaust. The great exception is Hyam Maccoby, who in the 1980s posited that the Jesus of the Gospels was anti-Semitic. Goldhagen takes up Maccoby's view. In *Hitler's Willing Executioners*, as noted, Goldhagen distinguished between the Nazis' "eliminationist anti-Semitism" and Christian anti-Judaism. But in *A Moral Reckoning* that distinction is obliterated by a hurricane of ostensibly contrary proof.

■

In essence, Goldhagen demands that the Church cease to be Catholic.

■

"You brood of vipers . . . you are evil . . ." So said Jesus, Goldhagen reminds us, to "the Jews who were Pharisees." One could, of course, just say "the Pharisees," without reminding us they were Jewish; but then, the passage wouldn't seem anti-Semitic. This sleight-of-hand continues in the next sentence, where Goldhagen sneaks from "the Jews who were Pharisees" to Jesus' alleged indictment of "such a people," i.e., the Jews. Farther down the page, after quoting more criticisms of the Pharisees, Goldhagen mischaracterizes those words, too, as an "account of the Jews." At the tail end of this disastrous passage, he even inserts the word "Jews" in brackets where the text just says "you," meaning the Pharisees. He also puts in brackets "Jewish," where Matthew says merely "the whole people [*laos*]"—which *could* mean the Jews, but could also mean the general Judean populace, including its many pagan Greeks and Romans. (These passages are often requoted as proof of anti-Semitism, with the bracketed insertions of Jewishness always stuck to them like pilotfish.) The paragraph closes with a false reassertion that Jesus "decrees Jews to be a 'brood of vipers'" when in fact—as Goldhagen himself said at the paragraph's outset—Jesus was merely addressing "the Jews who were Pharisees."

Having thus manufactured evidence of anti-Semitism—having set up this straw Jesus—Goldhagen wheels round his guns. Christ's denunciations of the Pharisees—misrepresented as "speeches from Jesus deprecating the unbelieving Jews"—are "the Christian Bible's libels." They thus constitute the major premise in Goldhagen's high argument: that Christianity is inherently anti-Semitic.

> The anti-Semitism of the Christian Bible is not incidental to it but constitutive of its story of Jesus' life and death and of its messages about God and humanity. . . . Christianity has consecrated a heinous set of charges against Jews in its foundational text. . . . The Christian Bible is . . . a profoundly anti-Semitic text. . . . Christianity is a religion that consecrated at its core and, historically, spread throughout its domain a megatherian hatred of one group of people: the Jews. . . . The cumulative damage of the Christian Bible's defamatory account of Jews to their image and reputation among its credulous readers would be hard to exaggerate.

Goldhagen exaggerates it. He argues that Catholic "demonology of Jews" was "compatible with or implied eliminationist solutions, including perhaps extermination." But in fact, Pope Calixtus II's 1120 bull *Sicut Judaeis* specifically forbade the harming of Jews. Goldhagen fails to mention this.

From what he calls his "measured and nuanced account of [Catholic] culpability for various aspects of the Holocaust," Goldhagen deduces proposals for restitution. The Church must not merely pay Jews money, and must not only "support, protect, and sustain" Israel, but must also change its doctrine. Specifically, the Church must cease to be Catholic: It must disavow its universalist claims and instead affirm that "The Jews' way to God is as legitimate as the Christian way." The Pope should convene a Third Vatican Council, as proposed by the liberal former priest, James Carroll, at which "Jews would have a full voice." At this congress it might be agreed, as Carroll urges, that "the Church not treat the Christian Bible as a divine and sacred text" and that "the anti-Semitism of the Christian Bible be excised." Granting, however, that the Church is unlikely to do any of these things, Goldhagen proposes a prophylactic dose of political-religious correctness:

> [The Church] could include in every Christian Bible a detailed, corrective account alongside the text about its

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many anti-Semitic passages, and a clear disclaimer explaining that even though these passages were once presented as fact, they are actually false or dubious and have been the source of much unjust injury. They could include essays on the various failings of the Christian Bible, and a detailed running commentary on each page that would correct the texts' erroneous and libelous assertions.

Goldhagen does not say it, but one has the sense that he would affix, to every Christian Bible, the warning label: "This text contains hate speech."

It is a shame that someone who wrote such a good book in 1996 should have allowed himself to become a rank pamphleteer. Among the many sad results of his fixation on Catholicism is that Goldhagen overlooks a more compelling interpretation of the Shoah—one that he, as a "big picture" historian, might otherwise have been well equipped to probe. As Lucy Dawidowicz saw in 1946, the Holocaust was the product not of Christendom, but of Christendom's collapse. The destruction of Christendom effected (1) the rejection of Catholic natural law and (2) the rise of the absolute nation-state, previously impossible because popes could depose and counterbalance kings. Hitler, to be sure, contributed a neo-paganism and anti-Semitism all his own. But in mobilizing opinion and wielding power, he was helped more by these two innovations than by any Catholic doctrines.

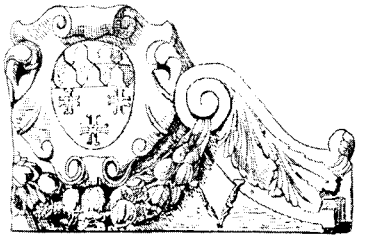
Goldhagen does not turn the issue in the light to catch this edge of it. Instead, he mounts his hobbyhorse for a spree of intellectual wilding. Mindful that he must not seem a bigot, he sprinkles, at intervals, some deferential disclaimers: "The Catholic Church and its moral creed . . . [are], at [their] core, good and admirable." But as we ride with him, these caveats become increasingly desultory and rhetorical; and by the work's end, he finds that "the Catholic Church . . . by its actions has forfeited its claims to deference." For indeed, if what Goldhagen writes about the Church is true, then the Church is at its core not good, but evil. And that Goldhagen in fact believes Christianity, as such, is bad for Jews—even deadly to them—is suggested by the weight and odor of abuse he heaps upon it. **NR**

Mommy Dearest

CHARLOTTE HAYS

I Don't Know How She Does It: The Life of Kate Reddy, Working Mother, by Allison Pearson (Knopf, 352 pp., $23)

THE central question of this much-talked-about book isn't: How does Kate Reddy, working mother, do it? It is, rather: Why is she such a bitch? British novelist Allison Pearson's debut effort has enjoyed a smashing success in her homeland, and her brittle, bitter title character has been engulfed in a tide of public empathy; but if Kate Reddy is indeed the new symbol of working mothers, then working mothers are in real trouble.



The book opens with Kate, dead on her feet from a business trip to the U.S., preparing store-bought mince pies for the Christmas party at her five-year-old daughter Emily's school. Kate "distresses" the pies in an endeavor to make them look homemade, to avoid the censure of "the Muffia" (her phrase for smug stay-at-home mothers). Kate's life is one of constant travail, juggling the demands of being a high-powered London hedge-fund manager by day with those of being a wife to Rich and mother of Emily and toddler Ben by night. Kate is always dashing for a plane or the next important appointment, and always consumed with guilt for neglecting her children. "Women used to have time to make mince pies and had to fake orgasms," she muses glumly. "Now we can manage the orgasms, but we have to fake the mince pies."

For insights such as these, Pearson has been hailed as "the Jane Austen of working mothers," and Kate has been billed as the new Bridget Jones, grown up and stressed out, trying to strike the "impossible balance" between work and family. She will be even more famous when the movie comes out—Miramax already has signed a $2 million deal for the film. In short, Kate Reddy has become a feminist heroine.

Much of the book is devoted to Kate's guilt over the time that her work takes away from her children. "Rich [the husband] doesn't worry about child care the way I worry," superior Kate thinks. "Men worry about child care with their wallets, women feel it in their wombs." But there is absolutely no evidence of this in the book. Kate blathers a lot of sentimental stuff about how wonderful childbirth is, how instantaneous a mother's love for a child is, etc., but she doesn't connect this with the reality of bringing up children after you've brought them into the world. For example, she hides from her son so he won't cry because she is going on a business trip to the U.S.; is this really feeling with your womb?

Kate's idea of motherhood is rather odd—who really cares whether Mummy makes real mince pies for the Christmas party? Kate's motherly affection is manifested by having Paula, the nanny, dress the children in fancy clothes and feed them organic food. "For my vulnerable young, only free-range. How many times must I tell her that?" she frets. On a vacation in Wales, Kate orders Paula to feed the children quiche instead of chicken with bread crumbs because there may be antibiotics in the chicken. Kate is so frantic about getting to

Charlotte Hays is editor of *The Women's Quarterly*.

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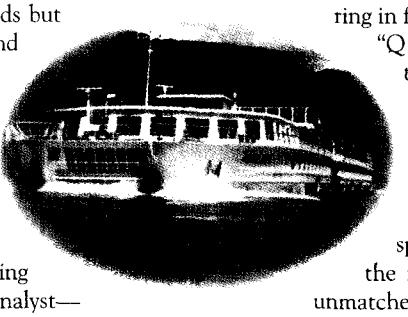

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Wed, May 7	Esztergom, Hungary Budapest, Hungary	8:00AM 2:00PM	10:30AM (overnight)	late-morning seminar
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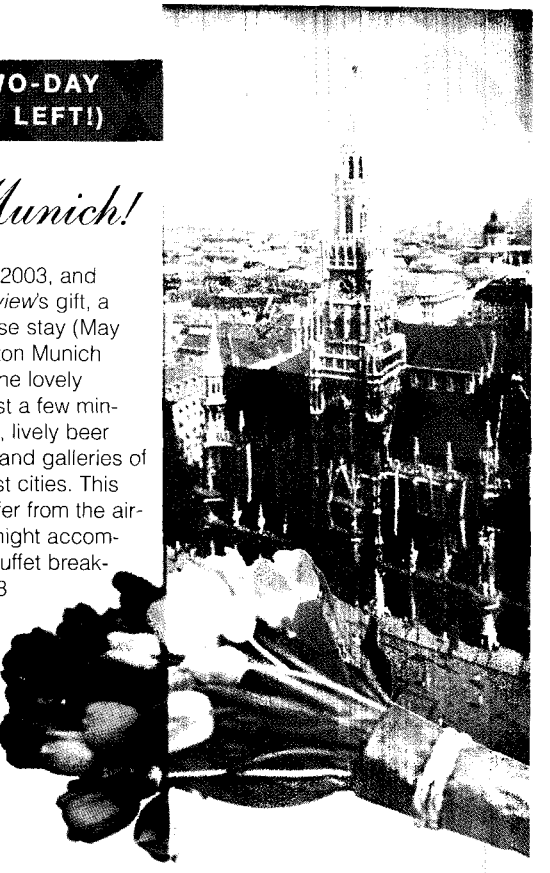

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AZ	Phoenix	1,199C	DC	Wash/Dulles	3,855B	IL	Chicago	1,087C	MO	Kansas City	3,966B	NY	Rochester	1,055C	PA	Harrisburg	3,882B	TN	Memphis	1,109C
		3,999B	FL	Fort Lauderdale	1,166C			3,887B		St. Louis	1,166C			3,855B		Philadelphia	995C			3,909B
	Tucson	1,390C			3,966B	N	Indianapolis	1,166C			3,966B	NC	Charlotte	1,109C			3,795B		Nashville	1,109C
		4,190B		Miami	1,166C			3,966B	NJ	Newark	974C			3,909B		Pittsburgh	1,082C			3,909B
CA	Los Angeles	1,284C			3,966B	KY	Louisville	1,109C			3,774B	OK	Oklahoma City	1,191C			3,882B	UT	Salt Lake City	1,345C
		4,084B		Orlando	1,166C			3,909B	NV	Las Vegas	1,390C			3,991B	RI	Providence	1,055C			4,145B
	Sacramento	1,390C			3,966B	LA	New Orleans	1,166C			4,190B	OH	Cincinnati	1,109C			3,855B	WA	Seattle	1,366C
		4,190B		Tampa	1,166C			3,966B	NM	Albuquerque	1,345C			3,909B	TX	Austin	1,191C			4,136B
	San Francisco	1,230C			3,966B	MA	Boston	968C			4,145B		Cleveland	1,109C			3,991B	WI	Milwaukee	1,166C
		4,030B	GA	Atlanta	1,045C			3,768B	NY	Albany	1,055C			3,909B		Dallas/FW	1,147C			3,966B
CO	Denver	1,236C			3,845B	MI	Detroit	1,101C			3,855B	OR	Portland	1,336C			3,947B			
		4,036B	HI	Honolulu	2,170C			3,901B		Buffalo	1,055C			4,136B		Houston (IAH)	1,147C			
CT	Hartford	1,055C			4,970B	MN	Mnpls/St. Paul	1,166C			3,855B	PA	Allentown	1,082C			3,947B			
		3,855B	ID	Boise	1,390C			3,966B		NYC/JFK	974C			3,882B		San Antonio	1,191C			
DC	Wash/Dulles	1,055C			4,190B	MO	Kansas City	1,166C			3,774B		Harrisburg	1,082C			3,991B			

IMPORTANT NOTES: 1. Air fares are subject to change without prior notice. A $109pp air tax has been included in the above quoted fares, and is subject to change without prior notice. 2. These air add-ons apply to the cruise or cruise + pre-cruise package in Munich. All transfers for air/sea passengers are included. Air costs may be slightly higher for guests purchasing a post-cruise package. 3. Should you elect to provide your own air transportation, and should you be eligible for the pre-cruise package in Munich, note that transfers from the airport to the Hilton Hotel in Munich are not included. Transfers from the Hotel to the ship and the ship to the Hotel are included. Schedule your arrival in Munich for May 2nd (afternoon). Your return flight from Munich should not be arranged before 12:00 noon on May 11th. 3. Should you wish to deviate your air from the "standard" schedule,Peter Deilmann Cruises charges $75pp for this service and there may also be an increase in the cost of the flight. All requests must be sent in writing to The Cruise Authority. Air deviation fees are non-refundable. 4. Any special seat assignments or other requests must be made directly with the participating air carrier. You will receive your air schedule approximately 30 days prior to departure date. 5. If one of the home gateways listed above isn't convenient for you, you may arrange to fly to New York/JFK, Newark/EWR, or Washington Dulles/IAD in order to connect to the trans-Atlantic flight. Trans-Atlantic flights typically depart between 4PM and 7PM–yplan to arrive in Munich by 2pm EST. Call The Cruise Authority for details.

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Heathrow for a flight to New York that she forgets to hand over her sick child's urine specimen for the doctor and arrives with it at customs in New York. Little Emily wants a swimming party, but her mother says no: Kate is repulsed not just by the "bacteria-rich" water in the hired pool, but also by the fact that she'd have to take time off to get her legs waxed.

Needless to say, put-upon Kate resents the nanny. "People say the trouble with professional women of my generation is that we don't know how to behave with servants," she complains. "Wrong. The trouble with professional women of my generation is that we *are* the servants—forelock-tuggingly grateful to any domestic help, for which we pay through the nose, while struggling to hold down the master's job ourselves."

Kate's attitude toward her longsuffering husband is worse. She turns nasty when he makes pesto from scratch; Kate feels it shows up her domestic shortcomings. Her main pleasure in life is the bath, where she luxuriates in the aroma of lavender salts and reads Jameson's *Country Property Guide* ("What is a barreled ceiling? I'm not quite sure but I want one"). One night she discovers there is no hot water, and launches an attack on Rich: "'I work all the hours God sends and I live in conditions of medieval squalor. . . .' Rich reaches out an arm, but I bat it away. My tears are alarmingly hot—the temperature of the bath I'm not going to have."

When Kate and Rich argue about the nanny, Rich asks whether it would really be so bad if the all-powerful mother surrogate did quit. "Frankly, it would be easier if you left," Kate snaps at Rich. (She attributes this unprovoked cruelty to her "damn tiredness.") She also indulges in a flirtation with an American client, Jack Abelhammer (the name has been remarked upon in a number of reviews).

Kate's dying friend, Jill Cooper-Clark, doesn't fare any better than Rich and the children. Kate constantly writes in her "must remember" list that she should call Jill, a cancer patient. But she just doesn't get around to it, and Jill dies. Kate finds time to quietly emote at the cemetery, but doesn't seem to care that she neglected Jill while she was alive. Pearson seems to think there is an excuse for Kate's heartlessness: She grew up with a ne'er-do-well alcoholic father who walked out on his family but now hits Kate up for money for his improbable schemes. Pearson implies that poor Kate does it all so that her children will have more advantages, free-range chicken and such, than Kate herself had.

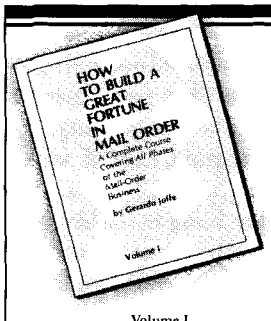
■

'Frankly, it would be easier if you left,' Kate snaps at Rich in a fit of unprovoked cruelty.

■

At the end of the book, Kate has a sort of conversion experience, caused by Rich's reluctant decision to walk out on her and Ben's falling down the stairs. Her solution is not to look for a compromise, but to leave work in London's financial district entirely. Kate and Rich sell the house, move to the country, and Kate is magically transformed into a model mother. She also finds less demanding work, buying a factory where women make furniture for dollhouses. (Mr. Ibsen, call your office.)

There is one last gesture towards London's male-dominated financial world. Kate and a band of other working women meet in the Suckling Club, a gentlemen's establishment where Kate and her friends are the only women who aren't topless. There they plot the downfall of Chris Bunch, a man who has put pornographic pictures of one of their coworkers on his website. The women conspire in an intricate plan to sell him a phony biodegradable diaper company, so that he will be disgraced in the press and then fired. This scoundrel, of course, deserves his fate, but wouldn't a sexual-harassment complaint have been a lot easier? Kate Reddy invests a lot of her (supposedly scarce) time in conniving at this elaborately vindictive yet basically petty scheme of ruin. I'm glad I don't work for Kate Reddy: what a bitch. **NR**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The New Revival

NAOMI SCHAEFER

The New Faithful: Why Young Adults are Embracing Christian Orthodoxy, by Colleen Carroll (Loyola, 320 pp., $19.95)

Evangelicalism: The Next Generation, by James M. Penning and Corwin E. Smidt (Baker Academic, 203 pp., $21.99)

In October, the Indigo Girls played to a sold-out stadium at Calvin College in Grand Rapids, Mich., a school that "pledge[s] fidelity to Jesus Christ," and whose faculty and students almost all belong to an evangelical strain of the Reformed church. For anyone who has ever listened to the folk-rock group in question, the situation will seem ripe for parody. In one of their more popular numbers released a few years ago, "Shame on You," the Indigo Girls sing of a friend who tells them, "Me and Jesus, we're of the same heart. The only thing that keeps us distant is that I keep f***in' up." But there's something else that usually keeps this singing duo distant from conservative-Christian venues: Besides supporting leftist causes from the Zapatista rebels to Leonard Peltier, the Indigo Girls are two of the most visible and outspoken lesbians in popular culture today.

In order to deal with the apparent incongruity of its hosting these particular performers, Calvin organized a campus discussion on the Indigo Girls' outlook and what Christian students should make of it. Though the panel of three professors didn't exactly play to a sold-out house, the principle behind the combination of the concert and the panel—that students at Christian colleges should be exposed to "the best" that secular culture has to offer, but should be assisted in subjecting it to critical examination through the lens of their faith—merits consideration. As Calvin's student-activities director, Ken Heffner, explained in the campus paper, "cultural discernment" (as the administration likes to refer to the policy) means that "Calvin College finds a way for Christians to engage with culture without becoming of it. . . . It's a way out of the trap of liberalism, which leads to no more salt-and-light [referring to Jesus' words to the apostles to be "the salt of the earth" and "a light of the world"], and it's also a way out of the trap of fundamentalism, which leads to separatism."

Navigating the waters between the Scylla of fundamentalism and the Charybdis of liberalism is probably the single most important issue facing orthodox Christians today, according to two new books. So far, says Colleen Carroll, author of *The New Faithful*, they are handling it pretty well, perhaps better than ever. "Across the nation," Carroll observes, "from the runways of beauty pageants to the halls of Ivy League universities, a small but committed core of young Christians is intentionally embracing organized religion and traditional morality. Their numbers—and their disproportionately powerful influence on their peers, parents, and popular culture—are growing."

With lively reporting, Carroll demonstrates that the young Christians who dwell in the very bastions of liberalism that threaten them are not only strongest in their faith, but best able to apply their beliefs to their daily lives, whatever their chosen profession or area of interest. From Mary Naber, who wrote her senior thesis at Harvard on faith-based investment funds and now works as a columnist and speaker promoting "socially responsible" investing, to Elizabeth Fialkowski, a second-year medical student at St. Louis University who explains to Carroll how "seeing the human body in all its complexity reaffirms her belief that only God could design it," Carroll shows how young Christian adults are thinking about the implications of their faith outside of church.

But the application of faith to a secular profession is not always so neat, and can indeed sometimes seem (despite Carroll's best efforts) quite a stretch, particularly among the Christians she finds in Hollywood. At one extreme there's Bridget Finney, who in the process of vetting scripts for a production company gives movies that she finds "debauched or godless" a negative evaluation. And if that doesn't work she starts "praying like a maniac" that they get rejected. At the other end, there is a scriptwriter, Scott Derrickson, who professes to believe that his horror film *Hellraiser V: Inferno* will help people understand that "drug use and infidelity [have] horrific consequences" and "make viewers think about life after death."

Carroll is at her best in describing the burgeoning Christian-fellowship groups organized for various disciplines and professions. For instance, for Christians in the profession of journalism—in which Carroll says "orthodox believers can be dismissed, disparaged, or assumed to lack objectivity"—there is a group called Gegrapha, started by retired *Time* correspondent David Aikman, that provides a sense of solidarity.

■

Young Christians dwelling in the very bastions of liberalism that threaten them are strong in their faith.

■

Carroll also offers fascinating accounts of Christian residential-fellowship communities, including places like the rather informal Jonathan House, where Christian men live together in a row house near Capitol Hill. The residents, who promise to stay for at least one year, must "agree to the house's eight-part covenant, which stipulates that they devote themselves to daily prayer and reading of Scripture, seek immediate reconciliation after a quarrel, and participate in house meetings, retreats, and workdays." Members of these residential and professional fellowships aim to push each other further into the culture to become "salt and light," but then pull each other back when the culture threatens to swallow them up.

Though there are times when Carroll gets carried away in her dismissals of more secular young adults (they were, she says,

Naomi Schaefer, an adjunct fellow at the Ethics and Public Policy Center, is writing a book about religious colleges.

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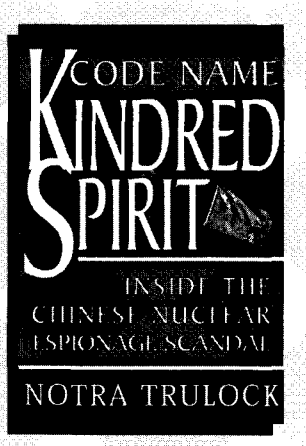
"weaned on Watergate and no-fault divorce, [and find] broken promises . . . a fact of life"), her use of hard data tends to keep the story grounded: She offers extensive polling results from both secular and religious sources demonstrating this younger generation's embrace of traditional orthodoxy. But for those seeking a deeper study of these trends, albeit within a smaller population, there is much to recommend in *Evangelicalism: The Next Generation*. Written by two Calvin professors, James M. Penning and Corwin E. Smidt, the book serves as an update and response to sociologist James Davison Hunter's 1987 study, *Evangelicalism: The Coming Generation*. Hunter's book chronicled the slow move of students at evangelical colleges away from traditional orthodoxy, and even suggested that two factors—the secularizing nature of higher education and the complacency of students who are surrounded by other traditional Christians—were making their adherence to orthodoxy disappear more quickly.

What Smidt and Penning found is that when it comes to questions directly concerning core Christian doctrines, students at evangelical colleges have not become appreciably more secular over the past two decades. Sixty-six percent of students in 1982 believed that "the only hope for heaven is through personal faith in Jesus Christ"; the number was still 66 percent in 1997. The 85 percent who believed "the devil is a personal being who directs evil forces and influences people to do wrong" moved to 86 percent.

As for the questions regarding "moral boundaries," as the authors call them, the results are similar. Ninety-seven percent of students in both 1982 and 1997 believed that "extramarital sexual intercourse is always wrong," and while some 45 percent believed in 1982 that "heavy petting" was always wrong, that number has actually risen, to 49 percent today. The authors do observe that standards have slipped slightly, from a traditional point of view, in terms of the number of young people who believe that smoking, drinking, or watching X-rated movies is always wrong. And one area in which the authors acknowledge that Hunter's assessment has proved correct is the declining willingness of evangelical students to preserve traditional roles for men and women: Today, 75 percent of students disagree with the statement that "a married woman should not work if she has a husband capable of supporting her"—compared to only 64 percent who disagreed 15 years earlier.

Perhaps the decline of traditional family roles in evangelical life is the inevitable result of the "engagement with the culture" that evangelicals at Calvin and other schools encourage. And maybe it's a small price to pay—given not only the general professed adherence to moral standards described by Penning and Smidt, but also the new commitment that Christians, evangelical and otherwise, have made to bringing their faith to their professions, their homes, and even their Indigo Girls concerts. **NR**



CODE NAME KINDRED SPIRIT

Inside The Chinese Nuclear Espionage Scandal

By Notra Trulock

"Every journalist knows that there are two sides to every story—sometimes many more than two. Code Name KINDRED SPIRIT tells us the other side of the Wen Ho Lee saga, an insider's account by the ultimate insider—the experienced officer who was in charge of intelligence for the Energy Department. Trulock tells it the way he saw it ... with no middle ground, no temporizing and no rationalizing. His is a voice rarely heard in today's Washington."

—Seymour Hersh, author of, *The Dark Side of Camelot*

"Wen Ho Lee's defensive memoir grabbed plenty of headlines, but Trulock's account has a disturbing ring of truth."

—Publishers Weekly

Notra Trulock was Director of Intelligence at the U.S. Department of Energy throughout the 1990s. In *Code Name KINDRED SPIRIT*, he takes us inside the U.S. nuclear labs and describes their culture and security problems. He tells how he came to suspect that Chinese spies were operating inside these labs and how the trail he followed led to Wen Ho Lee. Trulock tried to warn the President and Congress. When he was ignored, he blew the whistle, creating a domestic crisis for the Clinton administration and forcing it finally to address the security breaches in our nation's nuclear weapons complex.

Code Name KINDRED SPIRIT is a spellbinding book that takes us directly into the murky world of nuclear espionage. But it is also a daunting story about the fate of the messenger who brought the bad news. After the scandal broke, Trulock was smeared as a bigot and a mentally unstable alarmist. When he attempted to tell his side of the story, the FBI tried to silence him. He was demoted and driven out of government, his career and his personal reputation ruined.

Code Name KINDRED SPIRIT reads like a Carre novel written by Kafka.

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■ THE STRAGGLER ■

Nor Custom Stale

JOHN DERBYSHIRE

At fifteen, my mind was bent on
learning.
At thirty, I stood firm.
At forty, I had no doubts.
At fifty, I knew the decrees of Heaven.
At sixty, my ear was receptive to truth.
At seventy, I could follow my heart's
desires without sin.
—Confucius, *Analects* II. iv

HERE is a story, in fact a story within a story. There are four people in the outer story. I shall denote them by A, B, C, and D. One of them—let us say D, for the sake of simplicity—is me. The other three are all conservative journalists. All are male. None of their last names (nor, as a matter of fact, their first names) begins with either A, or B, or C. None is a NATIONAL REVIEW staff member, though all have contributed pieces to this magazine from time to time. Other than these, I hope impenetrable, disclaimers, I shall leave A, B, and C veiled in proper anonymity.

The *mise en scène* for the outer story is as follows. A, B, and D are seated at a dining table in a very acceptable hotel. They have just finished an excellent meal, and are engaged in some easy conversation, moderately illuminated by alcohol. C is not present. He is, in fact, on another continent, and so is very decisively not present. Emboldened by this circumstance, our three diners take up C as a subject of conversation. All agree on his originality and brilliance. Remembered highlights from some of his recent pieces are brought out and chuckled over.

Then B tells a story—this is the inner story—about C. The only other person in this inner story is B's wife, an American lady of great charm and intelligence, but with those open and forthright New World manners that 19th-century European visitors found so disconcerting. According to B, he and his wife were guests at a function where C was also present. B's wife got into conversation with C, whom she very much admires. All went well until she asked C how old he was. C supplied a long but evasive answer, leaving B's wife no wiser on the main point. She pressed her inquiry; again C was evasive. She persisted: "But how old are you?" C made a polite excuse, turned away, and avoided the lady for the rest of the evening.

After B's telling of this story, the diners fall to speculating about C's age. The consensus is that C can be no more than 45, and is quite possibly much less. We are all puzzled to know why, in this case, C should be reticent about his age. I remind A and B of the adage that 40 is the old age of youth, while 50 is the youth of old age. This being the case (I argue), any person less than 45 years old could fairly call himself young. We then move on to our own ages, and the earliest public event we each can recall—in my case, the coronation of Elizabeth II. There is no more talk of C.

Reflecting on this afterwards, I found I could not quite make up my mind which side to take. On the one hand, there is something slightly womanish about not wanting one's age to be known. (C, I hasten to add, is a husband and father, with, so far as one can ever know such things, no tendency whatsoever to any of the more sensational sexual eccentricities.) On the other hand, it seemed to me that B's wife had violated good manners, as I understand them, by pressing her question. Some people *are* shy about their age, for all kinds of reasons, and ought not be forced into uncomfortable situations on that account, nor on any other account in the realm of individual privacy.

I came down on C's side at last, on grounds of personal sympathy. You see, I too am shy about my age. Not shy enough to have stood up to Mrs. B's interrogation—I would have folded on the second inquiry, I think. Shy enough, though, to have engaged in some mild past dishonesty about my age, for which I hope I may be forgiven. We are all tempted to take advantage of whatever minor gifts nature may have accidentally endowed us with. I look much younger than my age, and am tempted accordingly. This youthfulness of appearance seems to be inherited; I have photographs of my father in his early 60s looking like a hale 40-year-old. (It does not, though, survive the scrutiny of TV cameras. On TV I look precisely my age—yet another reason to hate TV.) Furthermore, the Derbyshire men marry late, to young wives, so that my lying looks are supported by two small children, and by a wife who is still very occasionally, to her infinite glee, "carded" when checking out beer at the supermarket.

The reason for this sensitivity about one's age is, of course, the desire not to be thought an underachiever. If you pay any attention to what the Chinese call "large matters under Heaven," you become uncomfortably aware, as you pass through your 40s and into your 50s, how many people of power and fame, in fields where recognition comes only after a long and grueling climb, are younger than yourself. The dull awareness settles in that you will never command men in battle, or be CEO of a major corporation, or have a mathematical theorem named after you, or be elected president or prime minister of even a very small country.

At this point it is customary for the commentator to grumble about the tyranny of our youth-oriented culture. Actually, I don't see this. I have it on good authority that Hollywood starlets will submit to absolutely any surgical or pharmaceutical process in order to pass themselves off as being 25 years old, after which age they are unemployable. I sympathize, but our culture consists of much more than *Baywatch* (though to be sure, many people, especially abroad, do not seem to know this). It includes, for example, politics, in which one is still a mewling infant at 40. The highest political drama of 2002 concerned remarks made by a 61-year-old senator at a party given for a 100-year-old colleague.

In any case, an acquaintance who makes a very good living in biological research assures me that science is on the point of being able not merely to arrest the aging process, but to *reverse* it. I think there should be some limits here; I'd love to try out for my school rugby first fifteen again, but I wouldn't want to regress much further than that. No doubt all the kinks will be straightened out in the labs prior to FDA approval, and we shall be able, like Confucius, to stand firm at 30, or any other age that suits us. Memo to self: Next time I find myself in C's company, I shall tactfully slip him the business card of my biologist friend. **NR**

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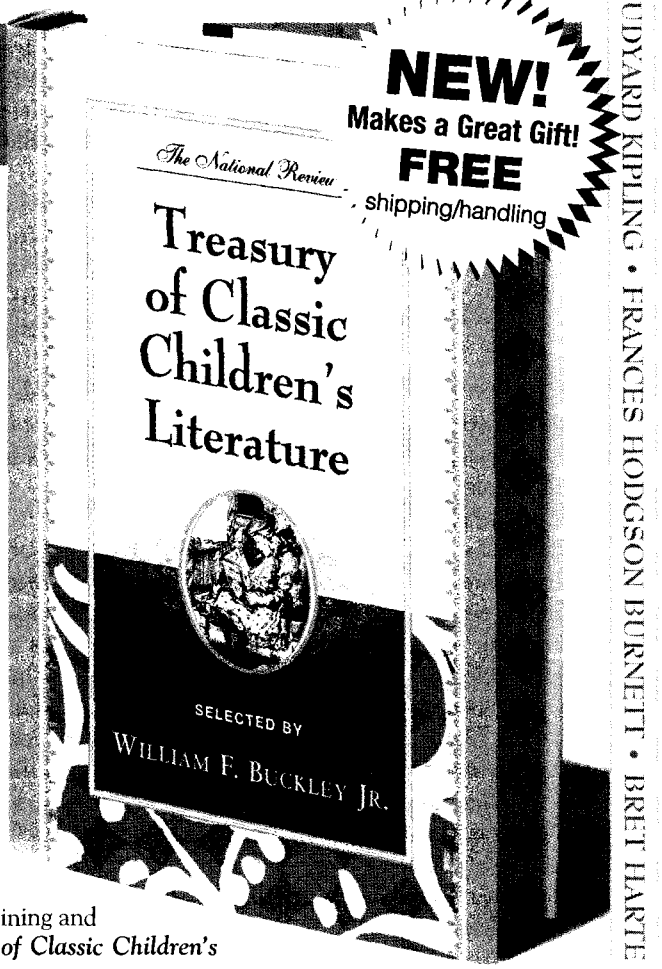

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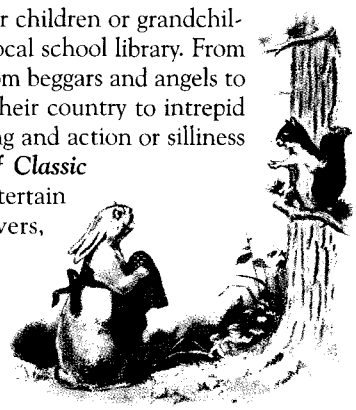

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■ SHELF LIFE ■

Bash Tha Police

MICHAEL POTEMRA

DESCARTES once joked about common sense that it must be universal, because he had yet to meet anyone who didn't claim to have it. So it would do an injustice to Heather Mac Donald to assert that she is one of America's most commonsensical analysts of urban affairs; her level of good sense is in fact far from common, and—for that reason—especially welcome. Her writings on social-science issues are prized by regular readers of the Manhattan Institute quarterly *City Journal*, and she gained just acclaim with her book *The Burden of Bad Ideas*. In her new book, *Are Cops Racist? How the War Against the Police Harms Black Americans* (Ivan R. Dee, 177 pp., $22.50), she defends one of the key forces on the front line of urban civilization.

The reinvigoration of police work, Mac Donald writes, was absolutely crucial to the increase in urban safety in the 1990s; to retreat from that policy would therefore quite naturally provoke a *decrease* in safety. Unfortunately, however, political opportunists are hard at work undermining the consensus for effective policing by skillful deployment of race rhetoric. Mac Donald's reporting from a number of U.S. urban hot zones—Rudy Giuliani's New York, Cincinnati at the time of its 2001 riots—is a bracing account of what works, and what doesn't, on the street. If there's one principle that ought to unite blacks and whites in this country, it's that police are—in almost all cases—on the side of law-abiding citizens, black and white alike.

Among the more interesting passages in Mac Donald's book are the comments she reports from black policemen, caught in the racial whipsaw between the realities of policing and the nostrums of political correctness. One black street cop from Brooklyn complains: "All we hear is that we're racially profiling. . . . If I stop five black people, am I racially profiling? But if a white officer stops them, now it's race profiling! People forget that some guys are actually committing crimes. Since we're all fascists, and we like to beat everyone, why don't they bring a force from some other country and let them patrol the streets?"

The words are emotional, but the problem is real—and will only get worse if society fails to heed Mac Donald's cautions.

■ Veterans of the conservative intellectual movement testify that one of the most engaging individuals of its founding era was the legendary Willmoore Kendall. A new anthology, *Willmoore Kendall: Maverick of American Conservatives* (Lexington, 278 pp., $24.95), edited by John A. Murley and John E. Alvis, with a foreword by William F. Buckley Jr., offers an excellent introduction to Kendall's life and thought. Kendall was a "character," a genuine eccentric who belonged as much in the pages of fiction as in the annals of journalism and scholarship. WFB made him a character in his 1999 novel *The Redhunter*—following in the footsteps of Nobel prize-winning novelist Saul Bellow, who had already found in Kendall the inspiration for the main character in his short story "Mosby's Memoirs."

Central to Kendall's thought was the populist conception of majority rule, which remains an important force in U.S. conservatism to this day. Kendall was a champion of legislative supremacy, because he believed the political power in the legislature was closer to the people—and more insulated from elites—than that in the executive. These matters are addressed in detail by several contributors to this anthology, but one of the most fascinating chapters is the very last one: 71 pages of wide-ranging correspondence between Kendall and his equally legendary friend and colleague Leo Strauss.

■ Fordham University political-science professor Francis Canavan is a Jesuit priest and one of the world's most acclaimed authorities on Edmund Burke; he has also spent much of his lifetime grappling with fundamental questions of the relation of moral truth to the functioning of a free social order. Kenneth L. Grasso and Robert P. Hunt have edited a collection of 17 essays in Fr. Canavan's honor—*A Moral Enterprise: Politics, Reason, and the Human Good* (ISI, 401 pp., $29.95)—and this is one *Festschrift* truly worthy of its honoree. Some of today's best conservative writers on morality and politics have contributed essays, and the articles—like the works of Canavan himself—are uniformly engaging and thought-provoking.

The table of contents strikes an appropriate balance between highly scholarly works (on Burke and Aristotle) and more polemical articles sure to set conservative heartbeats racing. Among the essayists are such luminaries as Hadley Arkes, Gerard V. Bradley, George McKenna, and Harry V. Jaffa. Editor Grasso is himself the author of a key essay in the book, about Canavan's critique of the individualist liberalism that has been a formative element in American political culture. Grasso contends that "the future of ordered liberty depends on the establishment of a new and better public philosophy rooted in a richer meta-

ENTRANCE

Whoever you are: step out of doors tonight,
Out of the room that lets you feel secure.
Infinity is open to your sight.
Whoever you are.
With eyes that have forgotten how to see
From viewing things already too well known,
Lift up into the dark a huge, black tree
And put it in the heavens: tall, alone.
And you have made the world and all you see.
It ripens like the words still in your mouth.
And when at last you comprehend its truth,
Then close your eyes and gently set it free.

(After Rilke)

—DANA GIOIA

Mr. Gioia has been nominated by President Bush to be chairman of the National Endowment for the Arts.

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physics of the person and society than that which informs Enlightenment liberalism." This solid book represents an important contribution toward that end.

■ One of the best books prompted by post–9/11 national soul-searching was actually written almost half a century before the terrorist attacks. Russell Kirk's 1957 classic *The American Cause* has now been made available in a new edition (ISI, 169 pp., $9.95), and it gives a noble and energetic summary of what we are fighting for in this current war: "Americans believe in the dignity of man, made in an image more than human; and the revolutionary ideologue threatens to destroy that dignity wherever he finds weakness. . . . [America's] is the cause of true human nature, of enlightened order, regular justice, and liberty under law." That many of today's revolutionary ideologues think they are waging war against this divine image—that of free men and women—in the name of God Himself only makes them more dangerous. The antidote to their poison is the truth about man's nature, and Kirk was always one of the most eloquent and persuasive advocates on this subject.

Jeffrey Nelson, Kirk's son-in-law and the publisher of ISI Books, realized shortly after 9/11 that while our enemies have new names, our cause is the same one Kirk was writing about; he therefore asked scholar Gleaves Whitney of the Russell Kirk Center for Cultural Renewal to shepherd this new edition. Whitney has added an insightful new introduction and afterword; this "instant book" was almost five decades in the making, and it's indispensable to an understanding of our country's cause.

■ Another classic now available in a new reissue is Milton Friedman's *Capitalism and Freedom* (Chicago, 208 pp., $13). This Fortieth Anniversary Edition might just as well bear the title "Triumph Edition"; Friedman's vision of free-market economics has prevailed intellectually, and helped create the conditions for a global market more prosperous than even the most optimistic theoreticians could have envisioned just a few decades ago. **NR**

■ MUSIC ■

Priceless

JAY NORDLINGER

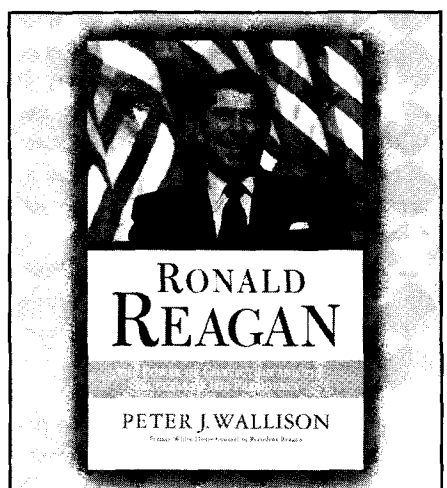
SOMETIME last summer, a new Marilyn Horne disc emerged on the market. It was of a live recital, given in Salzburg in 1979. Many of us were excited to have this CD—it captured the great mezzo-soprano at the "peak of her powers," as critics like to say. Allow me to quote a little from the review I wrote. It serves my present purposes.

> What is it about a vocal recital? A good one is maybe the most moving, most memorable thing in music. . . . It is also a hard thing to capture on a recording, the mesmerizing, rapturous vocal recital. Such an event is most keenly felt in the hall. I believe that I attended 13 different recitals by Leontyne Price. Some were average (though Price's average was very high), and some were eerily exalted. And this phenomenon was never captured on recordings. There have been two Price recital discs released, and neither comes close to conveying what a Price recital was really like. . . . Future generations will just have to trust us "old-timers." And then, when the old-timers are gone, testimony will be lost. There will be only the [two] recordings, in all their inadequacy.

Well, well, what have we here? A *third* recital disc, and this one does the job—almost. No, it is not like being there, but it conveys a strong impression of what the experience entailed. It turns out that RCA—Leontyne Price's label—recorded her Carnegie Hall recital debut, which took place on February 28, 1965. For some reason, that recording was never released—no one at the company can now say why.

We were given a taste of this recital in 1996, when RCA put out its big compilation, *The Essential Leontyne Price*. On the last of these eleven discs, there was a live *Zigeunerlieder*, a song-cycle of Brahms. It was superb, and revealed Price's rare gift for lieder. Where had *those* little cuts come from? They had come from the Carnegie Hall debut, as we now have learned.

The disc has been released under the title *Leontyne Price Rediscovered*. Given this retired singer's continuing stardom, it would have seemed that she needed no rediscovery. But, in a way, she did. Her greatness as an opera singer is amply documented, with dozens of CDs memorializing her in a multitude of roles. But what about Price the recitalist? It has frustrated some of us that she



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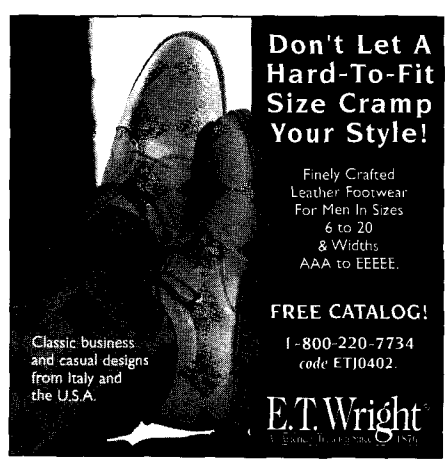
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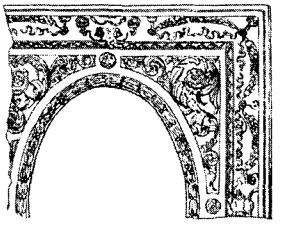
has never quite gotten her due in the song repertory. She was, as I have indicated, a marvelous interpreter of German art songs, and she was equally adept in the French repertory, and, in the American realm, she was practically untouchable. Not for nothing did Samuel Barber, among others, turn over his songs to her practically before the ink was dry.

Most important, though, was the spell that Price would cast over her audience. The force of her musical personality is literally indescribable (I apologize). She had a historic voice, of course, and a brilliant musical head, and mounds of technique. Some people argue that she is the best, most complete, singer ever (although this is merely a parlor game, or brawl). But what set her apart was a certain spirituality that made her recitals more than musical.

It is interesting to note that Price's final recital in Carnegie Hall—January 1991—is also available on CD. (It is one of the two I complained about, as insufficient. It is certainly worth having, however—I would be reluctant to part with mine.) Therefore, RCA has provided us with bookends: the debut in 1965 and the farewell to that house almost three decades later. (Price stopped concertizing in 1997.)

In 1965, Price was 38 years old, perhaps not fully seasoned, but undoubtedly herself. Her voice is lighter, obviously, than it would become; but it is less light than it had been. The "new" recital catches Price in what might be called her early middle period.

All Price recitals followed a pattern: She would begin with a Baroque set, usually Handel, maybe some Bach. And she might do some Mozart before going on to a lieder group, which could be Schubert, Wolf, Marx (Joseph), Strauss, or some combination of composers. And then, before intermission, she would usually give you a biggish opera aria, just to remind you of that "other" professional life she was leading.



After intermission, you would get the French set—Debussy, Fauré, any number of others—followed by the American group. Here she would champion her personal friends: Barber, Lee Hoiby, Ned Rorem, Margaret Bonds. And then, always, she would include spirituals. She liked to say, "I have sung your *Lied*. Now you will listen to mine, thank you very much." And who could object?

Once the "printed program" was finished, there would often be what is sometimes referred to as a "second concert"—a slew of encores, with the audience screaming ever more hoarsely.

■

There is no substitute for the experience in the hall; but a good recording can convey a strong taste.

■

In the *Rediscovered* recital, Price begins with Handel, three opera arias. The first is "Care selve" from *Atalanta*, which Price adored, and of which she made a famous studio recording with orchestra. She did not sing Handel the way they—"they," the Baroque-music commissars—want you to now, but she sang him magnificently. She could be opulent, but she was also tasteful, and her way with the Baroque repertory was one of the most admirable things about her.

The other two Handel arias are "Bel piacere" from *Agrippina*—clean and sprightly—and "Piangerò la sorte mia," the famous plaint from *Julius Caesar*. In this latter, Price lays on tremendous dignity and what might be characterized as restrained pathos.

Then come the *Zigeunerlieder*, one of the most instructive and satisfying sections of this disc. Price shows her knack for communication, her innate musical sympathy, and her affection for the German language, which she always defended for its expressiveness.

The big opera aria before intermission? "La mamma morta," from *Andrea Chénier*, Giordano's opera of the French Revolution. Naturally, Price never sang a piece exactly the same way twice. She always allowed for a little inspiration, a little spontaneity. Her studio recordings tend to be "straighter" than her live performances, as is the case with most musicians. Nothing quite matches the flair and immediacy of "live." And Giordano's *verismo* aria, of course, Price simply killed.

Her French set is devoted to Poulenc, a composer with whom she was long associated (and who died only two years before this recital took place). In such songs as "Tu vois le feu du soir," she exhibits her Gallic coolness, *délicatesse*, and *suaveté*. Wanting an interpreter of French song, you might name Régine Crespin, or even the Englishwoman Janet Baker. I myself, however, would not want to forgo Price.

The American portion? Three songs of Barber, beginning with "Nocturne," an impossibly lush, impossibly Romantic, impossibly sensuous creation (and performed the same way). Then two songs of Lee Hoiby. It is a sad fact that, with Leontyne Price retired, Hoiby's voice is almost stilled. That he is not better known, and that more singers do not exploit his music, is a puzzlement. Perhaps other singers fear to tread where Price has already been, which is a shame for the composer—and for audiences, really. The two songs that Price sings here are drawn from Hoiby's . . . *Songs for Leontyne*. A little hesitancy may be understandable.

Finally, it is spirituals time. As I listened to the four that Price offers here, I was reminded—forcefully—of the effect that these recitals had. It was a cliché to say that they were "religious experiences"; but we said it because we thought it was true. The encores—four, a relatively small number—are all opera arias, and they are *not* religious, coming from the wicked stage! But, as Price sings them, they are transcendent nonetheless. And you practically yell along with that frenzied audience of 1965.

At the end of that review of Marilyn Horne—which disc is on the VAI label, by the way—I wrote, "There is no substitute for a vocal recital live and in the hall. But, on this disc, we feel that we are almost there. The essence is captured. We can take this CD and say, 'Here, listen to this! Were we wrong to love it?'"

I can say the same about this Price find. And, no, we were not wrong. And—tell me: Is there anything else lingering in those vaults? **NR**

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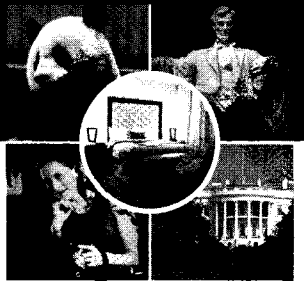

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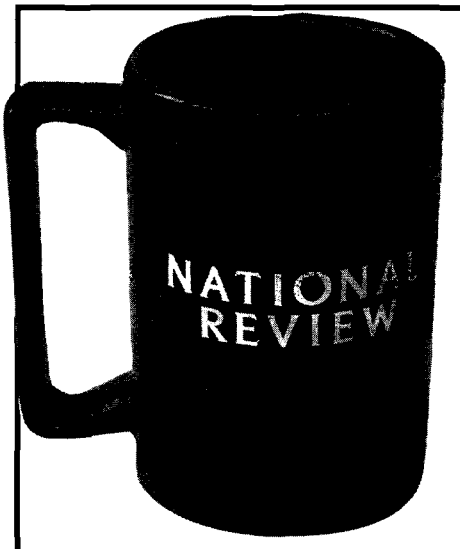

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WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.

In the Post-Lott World

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 24

COMING up from under the Lott business, we can ask ourselves some questions, without committing ourselves to answering them.

Did the Civil Rights Act wipe away Jim Crow? No, it wiped away the infrastructure of Jim Crow. It was no longer legal to do certain things, and the law made it specifically illegal to do certain things. The concept of a "hate crime" evolved. A hate crime, under the law, became a discrete offense; so that if you steal the pocketbook of a black lady and were motivated to do so by anti-black sentiments, you will have committed two crimes, not one.

Did the civil-rights reforms impose limitations on what might otherwise have passed as routine vernacular? Yes, with special exceptions. The comedian Jackie Mason can chortle his way through impious ethnic thoughts that would not be permitted to a poet laureate. The Lott episode will charge up the radioactive fence outlawing the expression of sentiments on race questions that can be thought invidious.

And it goes beyond mere expressions. Before Mr. Lott finally resigned, there was speculation on how he might atone successfully for his birthday jollity. David Frum wrote on National Review Online a mere two days after the 100th birthday party that if Lott stayed in as majority leader, he would probably spend his legislative time looking for conciliatory things to do. A few days later, during the death pangs, he was endorsing more affirmative action.

In an examination of Sen. Lott's thoughts and deeds in the past 20 years, he was docked for opposing a national holiday for Martin Luther King and for defending the tradition of a Confederate flag, while not espousing it. The lesson here is that a white politician cannot have opposed a national holiday for Martin Luther King because he thought Thomas Jefferson had waited long enough. He had to be showing scorn for the idea of a national holiday for someone who was black. That is a castrating social development, that you can't criticize anything black-related. It is indeed thought control, though thought control can spawn civility.

At a political level, we have a different problem. The Supreme Court has just about run out of casuistry by which to justify race preference. Enterprising college communities—Rice in Houston was cited in a recent story—have handled the problem of bringing in a freshman class with sufficient minority representation by getting undergraduates to recruit on behalf of Rice. Heading out in earnest search of the best qualified blacks and Hispanics will augment the applicants at Rice, but will diminish the pool for other colleges in Texas; and so it is around the country. This is a problem the Supreme Court cannot solve. If there is an achievement lag by ethnic background, there has to be a corresponding admissions lag. The PC legislator will be expected to vote in favor of any bill that sends money to the rescue of the situation.

One dour commentator on the events of recent days was a black Republican. He raised the interesting question, Why did George W. do so poorly by black voters? "There were more black speakers at the Republican convention than there were black voters who voted Republican." That was hyperbole, but hauntingly suggestive. What does the GOP do to get more black votes? For that matter, what does it do to get more Jewish votes? Declare a national holiday for Israel? But of course, we've done more than the equivalent, yet 85 percent vote Democratic, while 95 percent of blacks vote Democratic.

The whole things leads to what one might call genocidal conclusions. If there were no black voters, the GOP would win everywhere. Ditto, Jewish voters. But look where this takes you: If there were no women voters the GOP would win everywhere! What is safely derived from the Lott affair? *Watch your language at birthday celebrations.*

"May I have a dollar for a cup of coffee, sir?—I keep dozing off."

Happy New Year

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 27

IT is thought, in blasé circles, rather bad form to pass on good news. But this is New Year time, and the Cato Institute has reissued a rhapsody of Couéisms (Emile Coué is the ebullient guy who pronounced early in the 20th century that "every day, in every way, things are getting better and better"). It is entitled, "It's Getting Better All the Time: 100 Greatest Trends of the Last 100 Years." The volume, brought together by Stephen Moore and Julian L. Simon, is good for a deep draught of counter-despair between the potholes of contemporary history.

Here we go with just a few of the data, marvelously produced graphically and in color:

Incidence of Selected Diseases in the United States: Deaths from pneumonia in 1900—0.144; in 1998, 0.04; from tuberculosis, 0.113, 0.05.

Five-Year Relative Cancer Survival Rates: 1960, 39 percent; 1990, 62 percent (among blacks, the figures also improve, though not so markedly: i.e., from 27 percent to 47 percent).

Age-Adjusted Heart Disease Death Rates per 100,000 population: 1950, 307; 1998, 126.

The Cato survey does not ignore what would seem to some to be tangential questions: *How Often Do You Take a Bath or Shower in the Winter?* Once a week, 1950, 17 percent; once a week, 1999, 1 percent; at least once a day? 1950, 29 percent; 1989, 75 percent.

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Gross Domestic Product (in billions of 1998 dollars): 1900, $900; in 1998, $32,000; per capita GDP: 1900, $4,800; 1998, $32,000.

Average Income Levels (in 1998 dollars): 1820, $1,556; in 1998, $32,444.

Per Capita GDP: in 1900, the U.S. (100) was exceeded by Great Britain (112) and Australia (103); in 1998, with the U.S. at 100, the closest was Canada at 90, followed by France at 79. Britain was 69.

Median Family Income (in 1997 dollars): 1947, $20,102; in 1997, $44,568.

Millionaire Households in current dollars: 1892, 0.03 percent; in 1975, 0.5 percent; in 1998, 7.7 percent.

The explanatory text on stock values lists the finding of statistician Jeremy Siegel, author of *Stocks for the Long Run.* It reports that "for roughly the past 150 years the average annual rate of return in the stock market has been more than 10 percent. There has never been a 40-year period in U.S. history when the markets have deviated significantly from the long-term trend." The Dow was 72 in 1920, and hit 10,000 in 2000.

Median Household Wealth in 1998 dollars: 1962, $33,000; 1998, $71,600.

Mass Capitalism—Percentage of all workers who own stock: 1965, 11 percent; 1999, 52 percent.

The Poverty Level is displayed on two graphs. One gives the official rate (listing income), the second, the expenditure rate. Here, poverty is at two-thirds less than on the income scale.

Teenage substance abuse is down in every category (cigarettes, alcohol, heavy alcohol, marijuana, cocaine) since 1979, but up in all categories since 1996.

In 1960, a 3-minute telephone call to San Francisco from New York cost $12.66. Today, $0.36. The life of a light bulb is four times what it was 10 years ago. Over the past 50 years, the rate of death from catastrophic accidents (accidents killing at least five people) has fallen about fourfold. The percentage of streams usable for fishing and swimming: in 1972, 36 percent; in 1994, 86 percent.

Had enough? For more, write to Cato, 1000 Massachusetts Avenue, Washington, D.C. 20001.

And remember—if you had some ham, we could have a ham sandwich, if I had some bread.

That's the other face of Couéism, but over New Year's, we should pay it no heed.

Civil Rights Pandemonium

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 31

It is a historical opportunity lost that Trent Lott didn't pause, while going down in flames. He might have made a point worth thinking about, in his progressive apology on the matter of Strom Thurmond's campaign of 1948. What he might have said was that he acknowledged his faults, but thought it correct that his critics should examine their own thinking, specifically, that every bill or petition or declaration that has the words "civil rights" in it is to be venerated as a reiteration of the Emancipation Proclamation.

Because that is where we are headed, and Lott didn't give reasonable analysts the chance to raise their hands, however falteringly, and say: To vote against a national holiday for Martin Luther King was not necessarily a vote against civil rights.

The fires are stoked, and dissenters are marked for public execution. Consider:

The Leadership Conference on Civil Rights, which represents 180 traditional civil-rights organizations, is urging President Bush to toss away a slate of judges he has endorsed for positions on the federal bench simply on the grounds that their records have shown "deep hostility to core civil-rights principles." What exactly the Leadership Council has in mind is not at hand, but we know that the conference wants an amendment to the transportation bill that would forbid racial profiling in any state.

We run into two questions, the first of them procedural, the second substantive: Does racial profiling help? The federal government is not supposed to dictate to individual states procedures by which they seek to discourage crime. The implied reasoning here is that because more minorities are targeted by racial profiling, therefore the objective of racial profiling is to diminish the civil rights of minorities.

As a philosophical exercise, that sequence is defective. If it were applicable by such reasoning, then of course states could not decide for themselves whether to decree capital punishment. If the manifest objective of racial profiling is to move by concentric advances toward the target, and if the incidence of drug-toters is, by observation, greater among Latinos than whites in Florida, then to detain Latinos is not racially invidious provided that the motive for their detention was free of bias.

But travel along that paralogism is at high speed. Ms. Eleanor Holmes Norton, the Democratic delegate who represents the District of Columbia, advises us that it should be a federal crime to attack someone because of his (or her) sexual orientation. It isn't clear what the racial point here is, since there isn't any evidence, for instance, that blacks are more heavily homosexual, or more heavily induced to batter homosexuals. But the words "civil rights" have a transfigurative effect—and such legislation is enjoined on us. Ms. Norton informs us that an extension of unemployment insurance is a matter of civil rights. How so? Because more minorities, per capita, are unemployed than others. So that the question becomes not: Is an extension of unemployment benefits a good idea? It becomes: It is a good idea if more Latinos are relieved than Caucasians?

What a Senator Frist needs to do is to declare publicly that a line must be drawn, that the Republican party fervently endorses an application of civil-rights laws and the defense of minorities, but that to sanctify any proposed measure purely by naming it as a civil-rights measure is to abandon one's capacity to make distinctions. What is absolutely required is such a declaration from political men of manifest integrity, one that denounces any effort to proscribe speech on the grounds that it questions a program espoused by the Leadership Conference on Civil Rights.

Coming up quickly, of course, is the final showdown on affirmative action. The Supreme Court will rule in the matter of the University of Michigan Law School's affirmative-action program. The objective is to decide whether equal rights extend equally to applicants to law school who aren't members of racial minorities. One senses that the Republican leadership is holding back in arguing the case for genuine equal rights because of the avalanche triggered by Mr. Lott's indiscretion. We will need to watch carefully how the Bush administration comports itself on the University of Michigan question. Will the Justice Department file an amicus brief defending the right course?

Or has the Leadership Conference assumed veto power on the question?

—UNIVERSAL PRESS SYNDICATE

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DAVID FRUM

That Giant Swooshing Sound

IT'S a strange thing to go to bed at night plain old David Frum and wake up in the morning the "controversial" David Frum—and stranger still to have the same thing happen twice in one year.

The first time it happened to me was in February 2002. I resigned from the White House staff at the end of January. About two weeks afterward, an e-mail my wife had written to some family and friends about my role in the 2002 State of the Union address was intercepted by the online magazine *Slate* and published. As I was packing up my things as scheduled at the end of the month, a colleague of mine came running into my office—Robert Novak had just gone on CNN to announce to the world that I'd been fired.

The story was entirely invented. But what does that matter? What happened next was like one of those sandstorms that suddenly rise up in the desert. They're a strange part of the local climate in Washington, D.C. One minute you're walking along, minding your own business, and the next, everything is howling around your ears, and your skin is being sheared off by swooshing grains of dirt. The phone never stops ringing, and photographers show up on your front steps, and your children's teachers cluck at you sympathetically, and you get weary of your own voice saying over and over and over again, "I'm sorry, I have nothing more to say on the matter."

In time, of course, the whole thing dies down—and everybody forgets what it was about, or even if it was about anything at all. All they remember is the sandstorm itself.

Years ago, my wife and I lived in Brooklyn Heights in a brownstone apartment. Our landlord, a man of great age, lived on the lower two floors. One day, the bell of the brownstone buzzed. I raced downstairs, but my landlord shakily beat me to the door. Hobbled by stroke, he still managed to shamble his way to the stoop, where stood a shaggy young man in jeans and a T-shirt, raising money for Greenpeace.

"Good afternoon, sir. I represent an environmental organization—some call us controversial—but . . ."

"Greenpeace!" my landlord snorted with contempt. "Aren't you the people who blew up that French boat in Australia?" He was referring to the Greenpeace boat, the *Rainbow Warrior*, which was in fact bombed by French intelligence while in harbor in New Zealand. The young man was startled. "No, sir—it's the other way round . . ." Too late. SLAM.

Peter Lillie/Gallo Images/Corbis

In time, all they remember is the sandstorm itself.

There may be something to be said for the French view of the matter. For many years afterward, an English friend of mine used to try to ease his way out of immigration difficulties at French passport control by loudly declaring, "Je supporte le sinking du bateau *Rainbow Guerrier* . . ." But the details have been lost to history.

What remains is this catch-all, the single word "controversial," into which all manner of notoriety, earned and unearned, justified and unjustified, can be crammed.

We can use the description to cover for our imperfect human memory. Who remembers now what exactly Oliver North was supposed to have done wrong during the Iran-contra affair? Much less whether he was guilty or innocent? Or what ultimately happened to him? Better to reserve judgment, and to apply a simple word that means—"He's famous—but I've forgotten why."

The description has even greater utility as a way to avoid offering an opinion when an opinion might be dangerous.

"Do you like Rush Limbaugh?"

"Well, he's certainly *controversial*."

In this case, the word simply means—"You go first." The word functions like a pair of asbestos-coated tongs, with which potentially lethal materials can be picked up and held far, far away from oneself.

For me, though, the word has always had a much more precise and even painful meaning. A few weeks ago, I woke up to being "controversial" once more. After leaving the White House, I decided to write a book about my experiences. Nothing so remarkable about that—my former boss, Karen Hughes, just received a million-dollar advance for hers, and good for her. I told my story in as lively a way as I could, without (naturally) betraying any of the confidences that had been imparted to me. And suddenly even before the book was released I heard the familiar sound of that desert sandstorm beginning again . . .

Up came whipping this enormous maelstrom of accusation and counter-accusation about what I said and what I didn't say, and who was mad and who was not mad, and what the White House thought and what it didn't think. *The New Yorker* magazine flatteringly (but absurdly) blamed me for everything it didn't like in President Bush's foreign policy. So did North Korean state media. The only thing missing was my old pal Bob Novak's latest attempt at fictionalized biography.

So there's that third meaning of the word "controversial": It is: "I'm going to kick you around the block before I know anything about you or what you've done."

In practice, of course, all three meanings run together. Or rather, they all run one after another. The third meaning blends backward into the second and ultimately reduces itself to the first—until you find yourself being asked by the man in the next seat on the plane: "David Frum? Hey—didn't you blow up that French boat in Australia?" **NR**

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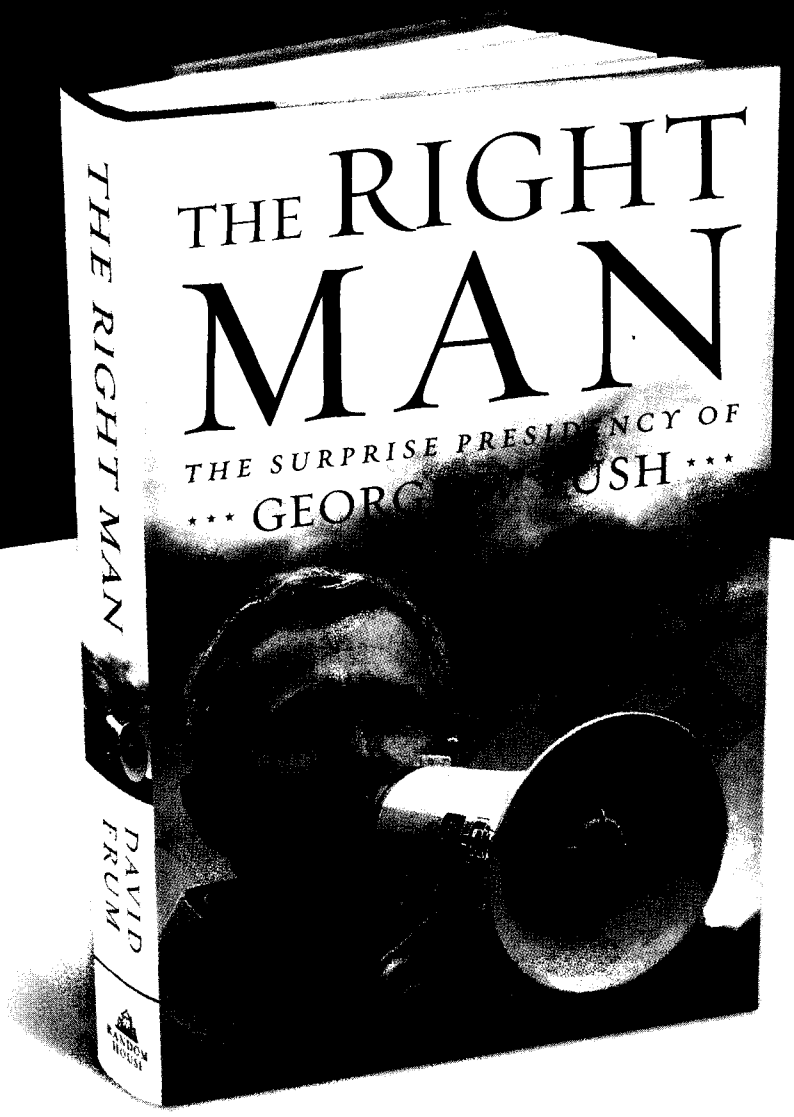

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